

English Literature for Schools

LEIGH HUNT

SELECTIONS IN PROSE
AND VERSE

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

London: FETTER LANE, E.C.

C. F. CLAY, MANAGER



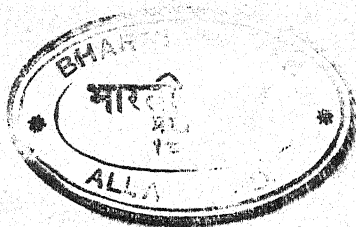
Edinburgh: 100, PRINCES STREET

Berlin: A. ASHER AND CO.

Leipzig: F. A. BROCKHAUS

New York: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

Bombay and Calcutta: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.



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SELECTIONS IN PROSE
AND VERSE

Edited with Introduction and Notes

by

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Cambridge:
at the University Press



Cambridge:

PRINTED BY JOHN CLAY, M.A.
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

PREFACE

THE essays in this volume are reprinted from Leigh Hunt's selection from his writings in *The Indicator*, *The Companion*, and *The Seer*, published by Moxon in 1841. They may therefore be said to appear with the authority of their author's critical judgment. Leigh Hunt has had few equals as a maker of an anthology, and his skill did not desert him when he was dealing with his own work.

One of his editors and friends tells us that "the great ambition of Leigh Hunt was to achieve a name as a poet." That ambition has not been realised. In comparison with his prose writings his poetry is almost negligible. In view of its author's ambition the selection from his poetry given here must appear inadequate. But from other points of view it may seem to be more generous than critical. Some of the verses I have admitted for other reasons than their poetical merit. *The Feast of the Poets*, for example, is well worth its room as an interesting chapter of literary history done into rhyme, and by reason of its occasional critical felicity.

J. H. L.

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INTRODUCTION

THE history of literature affords many proofs that there is a back door as well as a front door to literary renown. What an author has failed to win by his own achievement he has many a time obtained by the virulent detraction of his enemies. While it would be a grave injustice to Leigh Hunt to class him with the minor celebrities of the *Dunciad*, it is probably true that, quite apart from the excellence of his work as essayist and critic and editor, his name would never be forgotten through his connexion with the Cockney School. In the literary horse-play that took the place of criticism at the beginning of last century Leigh Hunt was singled out for special misrepresentation and abuse, and many years later he had the ill luck to be chosen as the model for one of Dickens's most elaborate portraits. The double misfortune reminds us of the fate of some of the victims of Dryden's genial satire who survived to encounter the buffetings of Pope. The portrait of Harold Skimpole inflicted a wound that its kind-hearted author lived to regret. His identification with the Cockney poets Leigh Hunt took lightly as an honour. "The Cockney school of poetry," he retorted, "is the most illustrious in England; for, to say nothing of Pope and Gray, who were both veritable Cockneys, 'born within the sound of

four greatest English poets, Shakespeare only was not a Londoner." Leigh Hunt like many another looked for posthumous reputation in the wrong division of his works. Attacked as a poet, he fancied himself as a poet; and both the poetry and the assaults upon it are among the things that are no more. His fame rests securely enough on his prose writings, on his critical sagacity, and on his remarkable influence upon his greater contemporaries. To the literary historian the last is indeed his greatest and most interesting claim. In respect of this rare quality of diffusing far-reaching stimulus and suggestion during the period of the Romantic Triumph, the names of Coleridge and Wordsworth alone take precedence of Leigh Hunt's.

James Henry Leigh Hunt was born at Southgate, near Edmonton, October 19, 1784. He was the youngest son of a shiftless Unitarian preacher, who from his native Barbados had settled as a lawyer in Philadelphia, migrating to England in the time of the revolution. Leigh Hunt was educated at Christ's Hospital, and on leaving it became articled to one of his brothers, an attorney. Abandoning law, he obtained a clerkship in the War Office, but the passion of the pen was already strong in him, and in four years he left the civil service to join another brother who was in business as a printer. To his father must be attributed some of the blame of this erratic career, as he had published his son's *Juvenilia* in 1801. The two brothers immediately started the *Examiner*, which Leigh Hunt edited for fourteen years. From the first the *Examiner* obtained notoriety by its advanced radicalism, and in 1812 appeared Leigh

fifty...a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties... a man who has just closed half a century without a single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity." For the pleasure of this candour Leigh Hunt had to pay five hundred pounds and undergo two years' imprisonment. The story of his detention in Horsemonger Lane Gaol is humorous rather than pathetic. Leigh Hunt was now a political hero, and the lenity of the government seems to have made the term of his imprisonment about the happiest of his life. He had books and a garden ; his wife and children joined him ; for once he had no responsibilities ; and Radical pilgrims came to do him homage. He had apparently every reason to urge his friends in the words of Uriah Heep "It would be better for everybody, if they got took up, and was brought here." And imprisonment did not interfere with his literary work any more than in the case of Bunyan and Defoe and Cobbett.

What though, for showing truth to flatter'd state,
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,
In his immortal spirit, been as free
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.
Minion of grandeur ! think you he did wait ?
Think you he nought but prison walls did see,
Till, so unwilling, thou unturn'dst the key ?
Ah, no ! far happier, nobler was his fate !
In Spenser's halls he stray'd, and bowers fair,
Culling enchanted flowers ; and he flew
With daring Milton through the fields of air ;
To regions of his own his genius true
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair
When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew ?

of 1817, beginning with the line which expresses so completely the poet's outlook on contemporary life,

Glory and loveliness have passed away,
and concluding with the splendid compliment to Hunt,

But there are left delights as high as these,
And I shall ever bless my destiny,
That in a time when under pleasant trees
Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free,
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please
With these poor offerings a man like thee.

The praise was not undeserved. Leigh Hunt's cheerfulness was a perpetual refreshment to his friends, and his literary enthusiasm far outran his capacity. He encouraged Keats during the most critical time of his life. He inspired him with his own passion for the older English poets. He brought Keats and Shelley together, and introduced the former to Haydon who made Keats alive to the glories of Grecian sculpture. Nor did his friendship end here. In the *Examiner* he welcomed Keats's earlier work, including the sonnet on Chapman's Homer, and was the most cordial of all the reviewers to the poet's first volume. His influence on Keats was not impeccable. The volume of 1817 reveals many traces of Leigh Hunt's namby-pamby voluptuousness of diction. But this portion of the influence Keats quickly outgrew, and we can admit without qualification that Leigh Hunt deserved the gratitude both of Keats and of Shelley. The latter's dedication of *The Cenci* ranks with the finest in our literature, and the following words do honour both to Shelley and to Leigh Hunt. "Had I known a person more highly endowed than yourself with all that it be-

comes a man to possess, I had solicited for this work the ornament of his name. One more gentle, honourable, innocent, and brave; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet himself more free from evil; one who knows better how to receive, and how to confer a benefit, though he must ever confer far more than he can receive; one of simpler, and, in the highest sense of the word, of purer life and manners, I never knew; and I had already been fortunate in friendships when your name was added to the list."

Many of the best of Hunt's essays appeared in *The Indicator* which he conducted in 1819-20. His next adventure was his setting out to join Byron and Shelley in Italy in order to collaborate with them in the production of *The Liberal*. Starting in November, 1821, he arrived at Leghorn in June of the following year, and a few days later came the tragic death of Shelley. The partnership of Byron and Hunt was foredoomed to failure. Byron's radicalism was not sufficiently far-reaching to meet Leigh Hunt's generous interpretation of the doctrine of fraternity and equality. The situation is not without its humorous side, but in less than two years it ended in the unexpected death of Byron. Leigh Hunt in some respects was an anachronism. He was born a century too late. He should have lived in the great days of Gay, when the man of letters thought it compatible with dignity to confer upon a patron the honour of his maintenance, and in approved Roman fashion accept his *sportula* as a well earned reward. Leigh Hunt was undoubtedly both pained and puzzled by Byron's misunderstanding of this attitude. His irritation took a regrettable shape in his volume, *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*, for

which its author, theoretically one of the most generous of men, made ample apology later.

The picturesque side of Leigh Hunt's life ends with his presence, along with Byron and Trelawny, at Shelley's funeral pyre. He returned to England to a long life of uneventful and honourable drudgery. The *Companion*, the *Tatler*, and the *London Journal* succeeded the *Indicator*, and yet later followed the highly interesting *Table Talk*, *Autobiography*, and *Journal*. Leigh Hunt's diligence matched his versatility. He gave much attention to dramatic criticism, and his *Legend of Florence* achieved a respectable success at Covent Garden. Of his later work, however, the most valuable part is the series of delightful anthologies which he edited between 1840 and 1848, and which contain in their commentary his best performance as a critic. These are his *Imagination and Fancy*, *Wit and Humour*, *Men, Women, and Books*, and a *Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*. Had he lived in any other age Leigh Hunt would have obtained a greater critical renown. But he was a contemporary of Coleridge and Lamb and Hazlitt, who surpassed him respectively in genius and felicity and enthusiasm. Most of Leigh Hunt's criticism may, without disparagement, be described as gossip about books, but it is a gossip informed by catholic taste and sound judgment. In respect of the important critical qualification of open-mindedness Leigh Hunt can challenge comparison with all the brilliant trio. He was free from Hazlitt's prejudice, from Lamb's whim, and from Coleridge's obscurity. And in the making of an anthology he displays a skill that almost entitles him to a share of Hazlitt's greatest fame—that he never praised amiss. In one other of his miscellaneous volumes Leigh Hunt takes rank with the best. Of all the

- books written about the literary associations of London there is none more informative and companionable than *The Town*.

In August, 1834, Christopher North made his famous apology to Leigh Hunt in the pages of *Maga*, including the happy translation "the animosities are mortal; the humanities live for ever." This incident is significant of the way in which Leigh Hunt outlived the years of detraction, and conquered his enemies by his geniality. "As he wore on in life, Leigh Hunt acquired the reputation and authority of a veteran; and as the noise of the old battles receded farther and farther into the distance, and he more and more refrained from engaging in new ones, the kindness of his nature, and the fascinating gracefulness of his conversation and manners, won to his side many former enemies, and created for him many new friends." His alertness of mind and his remarkable openness to new ideas never deserted him. There is scarcely a distinguished writer in the first half of the nineteenth century of whose first efforts we do not find that Leigh Hunt was an encouraging and keen-sighted critic. He reviewed the early poems of Alfred and Charles Tennyson, and rightly "spotted" Alfred. Nearly twenty years after that review Tennyson and his critic were both aspirants for the

laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base;

and when the prize fell to the younger man the veteran ungrudgingly admitted the wisdom of the choice.

The exquisite taste shown by Leigh Hunt in his selections from the writings of himself and others is unfortunately not a general feature of his style. His essays are of very unequal merit, and in one

and the same essay he passes quickly from the exquisite to the insipid. The delimitation of the boundaries of literature and journalism is a constantly recurring matter of dispute, and instead of arguing about imaginary differences of kind one might more profitably insist that the question turns on conditions of production. An article written under pressure of time may prove to be a highly polished essay, but all the chances are against its being such. The writings of Leigh Hunt are the best possible instance. He is constantly deviating into literature, but he is more often to be seen in his "journal course." He is one of the writers who, as Hallam said of Christopher North, would show to best advantage in the hands of a maker of an anthology possessed of taste and skill equal to his own.

Of all the essayists of his time Leigh Hunt best maintains the eighteenth century manner and tradition. He is in the direct line of Steele and Goldsmith. The latter's humour and exquisite touch were generally denied him, but there are passages in the *Indicator* that invite comparison with some of the most "admired strokes" in the *Spectator* and the *Citizen of the World*. Leigh Hunt's "Old Lady" deserves a place among the best characters of the eighteenth century masters. Her shelves contain "the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the *Turkish Spy*, a *Bible* and *Prayer Book*, *Young's Night Thoughts* with a piece of lace in it to flatten, *Mrs Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart*, *Mrs Glasse's Cookery*, and perhaps *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Clarissa*." And then comes the delightful addition, "*John Buncl*e is in the closet among the pickles and preserves." Had we to choose a single passage to justify our account of Leigh Hunt's literary ancestry, it would be the

• following sentence from the same essay. "She [The Old Lady] has had three great epochs in her life:—her marriage—her having been to court, to see the King and Queen and Royal Family—and a compliment on her figure she once received, in passing, from Mr Wilkes, whom she describes as a sad, loose man, but engaging. His plainness she thinks much exaggerated."

If much of Leigh Hunt's prose must be called journalism rather than literature, practically the whole of his labours in metre must be called verses and not poetry. Only three of his poems can be said to have any vitality. *Mahmoud* and *Abou Ben Adhem* deserve their popularity for their neatness and finish, and *Jenny Kiss'd Me* is a little masterpiece of occasional verse. *The Feast of the Poets* is unequal and plainly imitative, but its characterisation and shrewd criticism entitle it to remembrance along with the better known work of Suckling and Goldsmith.



LEIGH HUNT

(SELECTED PROSE AND VERSE)

PLEASANT MEMORIES CONNECTED WITH VARIOUS PARTS OF THE METROPOLIS

ONE of the best secrets of enjoyment is the art of cultivating pleasant associations. It is an art, that of necessity increases with the stock of our knowledge; and though in acquiring our knowledge we must encounter disagreeable associations also, yet if we secure a reasonable quantity of health by the way, these will be far less in number than the agreeable ones: for unless the circumstances which gave rise to the associations press upon us, it is only from want of health that the power of throwing off these burdensome images becomes suspended.

And the beauty of this art is, that it does not insist upon pleasant materials to work on. Nor indeed does health. Health will give us a vague sense of delight, in the midst of objects that would teaze and oppress us during sickness. But healthy association peoples this vague sense with agreeable images. It will comfort us, even when a painful sympathy with the distresses of others becomes a part of the very health of our minds. For instance, we can never go through St Giles's, but the sense of the extravagant inequalities in human condition presses more forcibly upon us; and yet some pleasant images are at hand, even there, to refresh it. They do not displace the

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others, so as to injure the sense of public duty which they excite; they only serve to keep our spirits fresh for their task, and hinder them from running into desperation or hopelessness. In St Giles's church lie Chapman, the earliest and best translator of Homer; and Andrew Marvell, the wit and patriot, whose poverty Charles the Second could not bribe. We are as sure to think of these two men, and of all the good and pleasure they have done to the world, as of the less happy objects about us. The steeple of the church itself, too, is a handsome one; and there is a flock of pigeons in that neighbourhood, which we have stood with great pleasure to see careering about it of a fine afternoon, when a western wind had swept back the smoke towards the city, and showed the white of the stone steeple piercing up into a blue sky. So much for St Giles's, whose very name is a nuisance to some. It is dangerous to speak disrespectfully of old districts. Who would suppose that the Borough was the most classical ground in the metropolis! And yet it is undoubtedly so. The Globe theatre was there, of which Shakspeare himself was a proprietor, and for which he wrote some of his plays. Globe-lane, in which it stood, is still extant, we believe, under that name. It is probable that he lived near it: it is certain that he must have been much there. It is also certain, that on the Borough side of the river, then and still called the Bank-side, in the same lodging, having the same wardrobe, and some say, with other participations more remarkable, lived Beaumont and Fletcher. In the Borough also, at St Saviour's, lie Fletcher and Massinger, in one grave; in the same church, under a monument and effigy, lies Chaucer's contemporary, Gower; and from an inn in the Borough, the existence of which is still boasted, and the site pointed out by a picture and inscription, Chaucer sets out his pilgrims and himself on their famous road to Canterbury.

To return over the water, who would expect anything poetical from East Smithfield? Yet there was born the most poetical even of poets, Spenser. Pope

was born within the sound of Bow-bell, in a street no less anti-poetical than Lombard-street. Gray was born in Cornhill; and Milton in Bread-street, Cheapside. The presence of the same great poet and patriot has given happy memories to many parts of the metropolis. He lived in St Bride's Church-yard, Fleet-street; in Aldersgate-street, in Jewin-street, in Barbican, in Bartholomew-close; in Holborn, looking back to Lincoln's-inn-Fields; in Holborn, near Red Lion-square; in Scotland-yard; in a house looking to St James's Park, now belonging to an eminent writer on legislation¹, and lately occupied by a celebrated critic and metaphysician²; and he died in the Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields; and was buried in St Giles's, Cripplegate.

Ben Jonson, who was born in "Hartshorne-lane, near Charing-cross," was at one time "master" of a theatre in Barbican. He appears also to have visited a tavern called the Sun and Moon, in Aldersgate-street; and is known to have frequented, with Beaumont and others, the famous one called the Mermaid, which was in Cornhill. Beaumont, writing to him from the country, in an epistle full of jovial wit, says,—

The sun, which doth the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know they see, however absent, is
Here our best haymaker: forgive me this:
It is our country style:—In this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.

* * * * *

Methinks the little wit I had, is lost,
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! Hard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest

¹ Mr Bentham.

² Mr Hazlitt.

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Of his dull life. Then, when there hath been thrown
Wit, able enough to justify the town
For three days past,—wit, that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled, and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty;—though but downright fools, mere wise.

The other celebrated resort of the great wits of that time, was the Devil tavern, in Fleet-street, close to Temple-bar. Ben Jonson lived also in Bartholomew-close, where Milton afterwards lived. It is in the passage from the cloisters of Christ's Hospital into St Bartholomew's. Aubrey gives it as a common opinion, that at the time when Jonson's father-in-law made him help him in his business of bricklayer, he worked with his own hands upon the Lincoln's-inn garden wall, which looks towards Chancery-lane, and which seems old enough to have some of his illustrious brick and mortar remaining.

Under the cloisters in Christ's Hospital (which stands in the heart of the city unknown to most persons, like a house kept invisible for young and learned eyes)¹ lie buried a multitude of persons of all ranks; for it was once a monastery of Grey Friars. Among them is John of Bourbon, one of the prisoners taken at the battle of Agincourt. Here also lies Thomas Burdett, ancestor of the present Sir Francis, who was put to death in the reign of Edward the Fourth, for wishing the horns of a favourite white stag which the king had killed, in the body of the person who advised him to do it. And here too (a sufficing contrast) lies Isabella, wife of Edward the Second,—

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
Who tore the bowels of her mangled mate.—GRAY.

Her "mate's" heart was buried with her, and placed upon her bosom! a thing that looks like the fantastic

¹ It has since been unveiled, by an opening in Newgate-street.

incoherence of a dream. It is well we did not know of her presence when at school; otherwise, after reading one of Shakspeare's tragedies, we should have run twice as fast round the cloisters, at night-time as we used. Camden, "the nourrice of antiquitie," received part of his education in this school; and here also, not to mention a variety of others, known in the literary world, were bred two of the best and most deep-spirited writers of the present day¹, whose visits to the cloisters we well remember.

In a palace on the site of Hatton-Garden, died John of Gaunt. Brook-house, at the corner of the street of that name in Holborn, was the residence of the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, the "friend of Sir Philip Sidney." In the same street, died, by a voluntary death of poison, that extraordinary person, Thomas Chatterton,—

The sleepless boy, who perished in his pride.

WORDSWORTH.

He was buried in the grave-yard of the workhouse in Shoe-lane;—a circumstance, at which one can hardly help feeling a movement of indignation. Yet what could beadles and parish officers know about such a being? No more than Horace Walpole. In Gray's-inn lived, and in Gray's-inn garden meditated, Lord Bacon. In Southampton-row, Holborn, Cowper was fellow-clerk to an attorney with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow. At one of the Fleet-street corners of Chancery-lane, Cowley, we believe, was born. In Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, was the house of Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, the precursor of Spenser, and one of the authors of the first regular English tragedy. On the demolition of this house, part of the ground was occupied by the celebrated theatre built after the Restoration, at which Betterton performed, and of which Sir William Davenant was manager. Lastly, here was the house and printing-office of

¹ Coleridge and Lamb.

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Richardson. In Bolt-court, not far distant, lived Dr Johnson, who resided also some time in the Temple. A list of his numerous other residences is to be found in Boswell¹. Congreve died in Surrey-street, in the Strand, at his own house. At the corner of Beaufort-buildings, was Lilly's, the perfumer, at whose house the *Tatler* was published. In Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, Voltaire lodged while in London, at the sign of the White Peruke. Tavistock-street was then, we believe, the Bond-street of the fashionable world; as Bow-street was before. The change of Bow-street from fashion to the police, with the theatre still in attendance, reminds one of the spirit of the *Beggar's Opera*. Button's Coffee-house, the resort of the wits of Queen Anne's time, was in Russell-street, near where the Hummums now stand; and in the same street, at the south-west corner of Bow-street, was the tavern where Dryden held regal possession of the arm-chair. The whole of Covent-garden is classic ground, from its association with the dramatic and other wits of the times of Dryden and Pope. Butler lived, perhaps died, in Rose-street, and was buried in Covent-garden churchyard; where Peter Pindar the other day followed him. In Leicester-square, on the site of Miss Linwood's exhibition and other houses, was the town-mansion of the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, the family of Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney. In the same square lived Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hogarth. Dryden lived and died in Gerrard-street, in a house which looked backwards into the garden of Leicester-house. Newton lived in St Martin's-street, on the south side of the square. Steele lived in Bury-street, St James's: he furnishes an illustrious precedent for the loungers in St James's-street, where a scandal-monger of those times delighted to detect Isaac Bickerstaff in the person of Captain Steele,

¹ The Temple must have had many eminent inmates. Among them it is believed was Chaucer, who is also said, upon the strength of an old record, to have been fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street.

• • idling before the coffee-houses, and jerking his leg and stick alternately against the pavement. We have mentioned the birth of Ben Jonson near Charing-cross. Spenser died at an inn, where he put up on his arrival from Ireland, in King-street, Westminster,—the same which runs at the back of Parliament-street to the Abbey. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died in Holland-house, Kensington, now the residence of the accomplished nobleman who takes his title from it. In Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, lived Handel; and in Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, Gibbon. We have omitted to mention that De Foe kept a hosier's shop in Cornhill; and that on the site of the present Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, stood the mansion of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, one of whom was the celebrated friend of Shakspeare. But what have we not omitted also? No less an illustrious head than the Boar's, in Eastcheap,—the Boar's-head tavern, the scene of Falstaff's revels. We believe the place is still marked out by the sign¹. But who knows not Eastcheap and the Boar's-head? Have we not all been there, time out of mind? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the London tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps?

But a line or two, a single sentence in an author of former times, will often give a value to the commonest object. It not only gives us a sense of its duration, but we seem to be looking at it in company with its old observer; and we are reminded, at the same time, of all that was agreeable in him. We never saw, for instance, the gilt ball at the top of the College of Physicians², without thinking of that pleasant mention of it in Garth's *Dispensary*, and of all the wit and generosity of that amiable man:—

¹ It has lately disappeared, in the alterations occasioned by the new London Bridge.

² In Warwick-lane, now a manufactory.

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Not far from that most celebrated place¹,
Where angry Justice shows her awful face,
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill.

Gay, in describing the inconvenience of the late narrow part of the Strand, by St Clement's, took away a portion of its unpleasantness to the next generation, by associating his memory with the objects in it. We did not miss without regret even the "combs" that hung "dangling in your face" at a shop which he describes, and which was standing till the late improvements took place. The rest of the picture is still alive. (*Trivia*, b. III.)

Where the fair columns of St Clement stand,
Whose straitened bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low pent-house bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care;
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware!
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the colliers' steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
Team follows team, crowds heaped on crowds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.

There is a touch in the Winter Picture in the same poem, which everybody will recognise:—

At White's the harnessed chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hands.

The bewildered passenger in the Seven Dials is compared to Theseus in the Cretan labyrinth. And thus we come round to the point at which we began.

Before we rest our wings, however, we must take another dart over the city, as far as Stratford at Bow,

¹ The Old Bailey.

• where, with all due tenderness for boarding-school French, a joke of Chaucer's has existed as a piece of local humour for nearly four hundred and fifty years. Speaking of the Prioress, who makes such a delicate figure among his Canterbury Pilgrims, he tells us, in the list of her accomplishments, that—

French she spake full faire and featously ;
adding with great gravity—

After the school of Stratforde atte Bowe ;
• For French of Paris was to her unknowe.

ANGLING

THE anglers are a race of men who puzzle us. We do not mean for their patience, which is laudable, nor for the infinite non-success of some of them, which is desirable. Neither do we agree with the good old joke attributed to Swift, that angling is always to be considered as “a stick and a string, with a fly at one end and a fool at the other.” Nay, if he had books with him, and a pleasant day, we can account for the joyousness of that prince of punters, who, having been seen in the same spot one morning and evening, and asked whether he had had any success, said No, but in the course of the day he had had “a glorious nibble.”

But the anglers boast of the innocence of their pastime; yet it puts fellow-creatures to the torture. They pique themselves on their meditative faculties; and yet their only excuse is a want of thought. It is this that puzzles us. Old Isaac Walton, their patriarch, speaking of his inquisitorial abstractions on the banks of a river, says, •

Here we may
Think and pray,

Before death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

So saying, he "stops the breath" of a trout, by plucking him up into an element too thin to respire, with a hook and a tortured worm in his jaws—

Other joys
Are but toys.

If you ride, walk, or skate, or play at cricket, or at rackets, or enjoy a ball or a concert, it is "to be lamented." To put pleasure into the faces of half a dozen agreeable women, is a toy unworthy of the manliness of a worm-sticker. But to put a hook into the gills of a carp—there you attain the end of a reasonable being; there you show yourself truly a lord of the creation. To plant your feet occasionally in the mud, is also a pleasing step. So is cutting your ankles with weeds and stones—

Other joys
Are but toys.

The book of Isaac Walton upon angling is a delightful performance in some respects. It smells of the country air, and of the flowers in cottage windows. Its pictures of rural scenery, its simplicity, its snatches of old songs, are all good and refreshing; and his prodigious relish of a dressed fish would not be grudged him, if he had killed it a little more decently. He really seems to have a respect for a piece of salmon; to approach it, like the grace, with his hat off. But what are we to think of a man, who in the midst of his tortures of other animals, is always valuing himself on his harmlessness; and who actually follows up one of his most complacent passages of this kind, with an injunction to impale a certain worm twice upon the hook, because it is lively, and might get off! All that can be said of such an extraordinary inconsistency is,

- that having been bred up in an opinion of the innocence of his amusement, and possessing a healthy power of exercising voluntary thoughts (as far as he had any), he must have dozed over the opposite side of the question, so as to become almost, perhaps quite, insensible to it. And angling does indeed seem the next thing to dreaming. It dispenses with locomotion, reconciles contradictions, and renders the very countenance null and void. A friend of ours, who is an admirer of Walton, was struck, just as we were, with the likeness of the old angler's face to a fish. It is hard, angular, and of no expression. It seems to have been "subdued to what it worked in"; to have become native to the watery element. One might have said to Walton, "Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" He looks like a pike, dressed in broadcloth instead of butter.

The face of his pupil and follower, or, as he fondly called himself, son, Charles Cotton, a poet and a man of wit, is more good-natured and uneasy¹. Cotton's pleasures had not been confined to fishing. His sympathies indeed had been a little superabundant, and left him, perhaps, not so great a power of thinking as he pleased. Accordingly, we find in his writings more symptoms of scrupulousness upon the subject, than in those of his father.

Walton says, that an angler does no hurt but to fish; and this he counts as nothing. Cotton argues, that the slaughter of them is not to be "repented"; and he says to his father (which looks as if the old gentleman sometimes thought upon the subject too)

There whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll *prove it just*, with treacherous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey.

This argument, and another about fish's being made for "man's pleasure and diet," are all that

¹ The reader may see both the portraits in the late editions of Walton.

anglers have to say for the innocence of their sport. But they are both as rank sophistications as can be; sheer beggings of the question. To kill fish outright is a different matter. Death is common to all; and a trout, speedily killed by a man, may suffer no worse fate than from the jaws of a pike. It is the mode, the lingering cat-like cruelty of the angler's sport, that renders it unworthy. If fish were made to be so treated, then men were also made to be racked and throttled by inquisitors. Indeed among other advantages of angling, Cotton reckons up a tame, fishlike acquiescence to whatever the powerful choose to inflict.

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

Whilst quiet we sit,
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission, &c.

And this was no pastoral fiction. The anglers of those times, whose skill became famous from the celebrity of their names, chiefly in divinity, were great fallers-in with passive obedience. They seemed to think (whatever they found it necessary to say now and then upon that point) that the great had as much right to prey upon men, as the small had upon fishes; only the men luckily had not hooks put into their jaws, and the sides of their cheeks torn to pieces. The two most famous anglers in history are Antony and Cleopatra. These extremes of the angling character are very edifying.

We should like to know what these grave divines would have said to the heavenly maxim of "Do as you would be done by." Let us imagine ourselves, for instance, a sort of human fish. Air is but a rarer fluid; and at present, in this November weather, a super-

- natural being who should look down upon us from a higher atmosphere, would have some reason to regard us as a kind of pedestrian carp. Now fancy a Genius fishing for us. Fancy him baiting a great hook with pickled salmon, and twitching up old Isaac Walton from the banks of the river Lee, with the hook through his ear. How he would go up, roaring and screaming, and thinking the devil had got him!

Other joys
Are but toys.

We repeat, that if fish were made to be so treated, then we were just as much made to be racked and suffocated; and a footpad might have argued that old Isaac was made to have his pocket picked, and be tumbled into the river. There is no end of these idle and selfish beggings of the question, which at last argue quite as much against us as for us. And granting them, for the sake of argument, it is still obvious, on the very same ground, that men were also made to be taught better. We do not say, that all anglers are of a cruel nature; many of them, doubtless, are amiable men in other matters. They have only never thought perhaps on that side of the question, or been accustomed from childhood to blink it. But once thinking, their amiableness and their practice become incompatible; and if they should wish, on that account, never to have thought upon the subject, they would only show, that they cared for their own exemption from suffering, and not for its diminution in general¹.

¹ Perhaps the best thing to be said finally about angling is, that not being able to determine whether fish feel it very sensibly or otherwise, we ought to give them the benefit rather than the disadvantage of the doubt, where we *can* help it; and our feelings the benefit, where we cannot.

LUDICROUS EXAGGERATION

MEN of wit sometimes like to pamper a joke into exaggeration; into a certain corpulence of facetiousness. Their relish of the thing makes them wish it as large as possible; and the enjoyment of it is doubled by its becoming more visible to the eyes of others. It is for this reason that jests in company are sometimes built up by one hand after another,—“three-piled hyperboles,”—till the over-done Babel topples and tumbles down amidst a merry confusion of tongues.

Falstaff was a great master of this art; he loved a joke as large as himself; witness his famous account of the men in buckram. Thus he tells the Lord Chief Justice, that he had lost his voice “with singing of *anthems* ;” and he calls Bardolph’s red nose “a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light;” and says it has saved him “a thousand marks in links and torches,” walking with it “in the night, betwixt tavern and tavern.” See how he goes heightening the account of his recruits at every step:—“You would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks.—A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies—No eye hath seen such scarecrows.—I’ll not march through Coventry with them, that’s flat.—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had most of them out of prison.—There’s but a shirt and a-half in all my company;—and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald’s coat without sleeves.”

An old schoolfellow of ours (who, by the way, was more fond of quoting Falstaff than any other of Shakspeare’s characters) used to be called upon for a story, with a view to a joke of this sort; it being an understood thing, that he had a privilege of exaggera-

- tion, without committing his abstract love of truth. The reader knows the old blunder attributed to Goldsmith about a dish of green peas. Somebody had been applauded in company for advising his cook to take some ill-dressed peas to Hammersmith, "because that was the way to Turn'em Green"; upon which Goldsmith is said to have gone and repeated the pun at another table in this fashion:—"John should take those peas, I think, to Hammersmith." "Why so, Doctor?" "Because that is the way to make 'em green." Now our friend would give the blunder with this sort of additional dressing: "At sight of the dishes of vegetables, Goldsmith, who was at his own house, took off the covers, one after another, with great anxiety, till he found that peas were among them; upon which he rubbed his hands with an air of infinite and prospective satisfaction. 'You are fond of peas, Sir?' said one of the company. 'Yes, Sir,' said Goldsmith, 'particularly so:—I eat them all the year round;—I mean, Sir, every day in the season. I do not think there is anybody so fond of peas as I am.' 'Is there any particular reason, Doctor,' asked a gentleman present, 'why you like peas so much, beyond the usual one of their agreeable taste?'—'No, Sir, none whatsoever:—none, I assure you' (here Goldsmith showed a great wish to impress this fact on his guests): 'I never heard any particular encomium or speech about them from any one else: but they carry their own eloquence with them: they are things, Sir, of infinite taste.' (Here a laugh, which put Goldsmith in additional spirits.) 'But, bless me!' he exclaimed, looking narrowly into the peas:—'I fear they are very ill-done: they are absolutely yellow instead of *green*' (here he put a strong emphasis on green); 'and you know, peas should be emphatically green:—greenness in a pea is a quality as essential, as whiteness in a lily. The cook has quite spoilt them:—but I'll give the rogue a lecture, gentlemen, with your permission.' Goldsmith then rose and rang the bell violently for the cook, who came in ready

booted and spurred. 'Ha!' exclaimed Goldsmith, 'those boots and spurs are your salvation, you knave. Do you know, Sir, what you have done?'—'No, Sir.'—'Why, you have made the peas yellow, Sir. Go instantly, and take 'em to Hammersmith.' 'To Hammersmith, Sir?' cried the man, all in astonishment, the guests being no less so:—'please Sir, why am I to take 'em to Hammersmith?'—'Because, Sir,' (and here Goldsmith looked round with triumphant anticipation) 'that is the way to render those peas green.'"

There is a very humorous piece of exaggeration in Butler's *Remains*,—a collection, by the bye, well worthy of *Hudibras*, and indeed of more interest to the general reader. Butler is defrauded of his fame with readers of taste who happen to be no politicians, when *Hudibras* is printed without this appendage. The piece we allude to is a short description of Holland:—

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of nature;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.

* * * * *

That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes.
A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

We do not know, and perhaps it would be impossible to discover, whether Butler wrote his minor pieces before those of the great patriot Andrew Marvell, who rivalled him in wit and excelled him in poetry. Marvell, though born later, seems to have been known earlier as an author. He was certainly known publicly before him. But in the political poems of Marvell there is a ludicrous character of Holland, which might be pronounced to be either the copy or the original of Butler's, if in those anti-Batavian times the Hollander had not been baited by all the wits; and were it not probable, that the unwieldy monotony of his character gave rise

- to much the same ludicrous imagery in many of their fancies. Marvell's wit has the advantage of Butler's, not in learning or multiplicity of contrasts (for nobody ever beat him there), but in a greater variety of them, and in being able, from the more poetical turn of his mind, to bring graver and more imaginative things to wait upon his levity.

He thus opens the battery upon our amphibious neighbour:

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots, when they heaved the lead;
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwrecked cockle and the muscle-shell.

* * * * *

Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour¹, fished the land to shore;
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if it had been of ambergreece;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away;
Or than those pills which sordid beetles rowl,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.

He goes on in a strain of exquisite hyperbole:—

How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Thorough the centre *their new-catched miles*;
And to the stake *a struggling country* bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground;
Building their wat'ry Babel far more high
To catch the waves, than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injured ocean layed,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To shew them what's their Mare Liberum²;
A dayly deluge over them does boil;
The earth and water play at level-coyl;

¹ Dryden afterward\$, of fighting for gain, in his song of *Come, if you dare*—

“The Gods from above the mad labour behold.”

² A *Free Ocean*.

The fish oft-times the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as at meat, but as a guest :
And oft the Tritons, and the Sea-nymphs, saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau.
Or, as they over the new level ranged,
For pickled herrings, pickled Heeren changed.
Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake :
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings :
For as with Pigmys, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains.
Not who first sees the rising sun, commands ;
But who could first discern the rising lands ;
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord and country's father speak ;
To make a bank was a great plot of state ;—
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.

We can never read these and some other ludicrous verses of Marvell, even when by ourselves, without laughter.

THE NILE

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world, the glory
extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that Southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great
hands,
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

FAR COUNTRIES

IMAGINATION, though no mean thing, is not a proud one. If it looks down from its wings upon common-places, it only the more perceives the vastness of the region about it. The infinity into which its flight carries it, might indeed throw back upon it a too great sense of insignificance, did not Beauty or Moral Justice, with its equal eye, look through that blank aspect of power, and re-assure it; showing it that there is a power as much above power itself, as the thought that reaches to all, is to the hand that can touch only thus far.

But we do not wish to get into this tempting region of speculation just now. We only intend to show the particular instance, in which imagination instinctively displays its natural humility: we mean, the fondness which imaginative times and people have shown for what is personally remote from them; for what is opposed to their own individual consciousness, even in range of space, in farness of situation.

There is no surer mark of a vain people than their treating other nations with contempt, especially those of whom they know least. It is better to verify the proverb, and take every thing unknown for magnificent, than predetermine it to be worthless. The gain is greater. The instinct is more judicious. When we mention the French as an instance, we do not mean to be invidious. Most nations have their good as well as bad features. In Vanity Fair there are many booths.

The French, not long ago, praised one of their neighbours so highly, that the latter is suspected to have lost as much modesty, as the former gained by it. But they did this as a set-off against their own despots and bigôts. When they again became the greatest power in Europe, they had a relapse of their old egotism. The French, though an amiable and

intelligent people, are not an imaginative one. The greatest height they go is in a balloon. They get no farther than France, let them go where they will. They "run the great circle and are still at home," like the squirrel in his rolling cage. Instead of going to Nature in their poetry, they would make her come to them, and dress herself at their last new toilet. In philosophy and metaphysics, they divest themselves of gross prejudices, and then think they are in as graceful a state of nakedness as Adam and Eve.

At the time when the French had this fit upon them of praising the English (which was nevertheless the honester one of the two), they took to praising the Chinese for numberless unknown qualities. This seems a contradiction to the near-sightedness we speak of: but the reason they praised them was, that the Chinese had the merit of religious toleration: a great and extraordinary one certainly, and not the less so for having been, to all appearance, the work of one man. All the romance of China, such as it was,—anything in which they differed from the French,—their dress, their porcelain towers, their Great Wall,—was nothing. It was the particular agreement with the philosophers.

It happened, curiously enough, that they could not have selected for their panegyric a nation apparently more contemptuous of others; or at least more self-satisfied and unimaginative. The Chinese are cunning and ingenious; and have a great talent at bowing out ambassadors who come to visit them. But it is somewhat inconsistent with what appears to be their general character, that they should pay strangers even this equivocal compliment; for under a prodigious mask of politeness, they are not slow to evince their contempt of other nations, whenever any comparison is insinuated with the subjects of the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The knowledge they respect in us most is that of gun-making, and of the East-Indian passage. When our countrymen showed them a map of the earth, they inquired for China; and on finding that it

only made a little piece in a corner, could not contain their derision. They thought that it was the main territory in the middle, the apple of the world's eye.

On the other hand, the most imaginative nations, in their highest times, have had a respect for remote countries. It is a mistake to suppose that the ancient term barbarian, applied to foreigners, suggested the meaning we are apt to give it. It gathered some such insolence with it in the course of time; but the more intellectual Greeks venerated the countries from which they brought the elements of their mythology and philosophy. The philosopher travelled into Egypt, like a son to see his father. The merchant heard in Phœnicia the far-brought stories of other realms, which he told to his delighted countrymen. It is supposed, that the mortal part of Mentor in the *Odyssey* was drawn from one of these voyagers. When Anacharsis the Scythian was reproached with his native place by an unworthy Greek, he said, "My country may be a shame to me, but you are a shame to your country." Greece had a lofty notion of the Persians and the Great King, till Xerxes came over to teach it better, and betrayed the softness of their skulls.

It was the same with the Arabians, at the time when they had the accomplishments of the world to themselves; as we see by their delightful tales. Everything shines with them in the distance, like a sunset. What an amiable people are their Persians! What a wonderful place is the island of Serendib! You would think nothing could be finer than the Caliph's city of Bagdat, till you hear of "Grand Cairo"; and how has that epithet and that name towered in the imagination of all those, who have not had the misfortune to see the modern city? Sindbad was respected, like Ulysses, because he had seen so many adventures and nations. So was Aboulfaouris the Great Voyager, in the Persian Tales. His very name sounds like a wonder.

With many a tempest had his beard been shaken.

It was one of the workings of the great Alfred's mind, to know about far-distant countries. There is a translation by him of a book of geography; and he even employed people to travel: a great stretch of intellectual munificence for those times. About the same period, Haroun al Raschid (whom our manhood is startled to find almost a less real person than we thought him, for his very reality) wrote a letter to the Emperor of the West, Charlemagne. Here is Arabian and Italian romance, shaking hands in person.

The Crusades pierced into a new world of remoteness. We do not know whether those were much benefited, who took part in them; but for the imaginative persons remaining at home, the idea of going to Palestine must have been like travelling into a supernatural world. When the campaign itself *had* a good effect, it must have been of a very fine and highly-tempered description. Chaucer's Knight had been

Sometime with the lord of Palatie
Agen another hethen in Turkie;
And evermore he had a sovereign price;
And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
And of his port as meek as is a mayde.

How like a return from the moon must have been the re-appearance of such travellers as Sir John Mandevile, Marco Polo, and William de Rubruquis, with their news of Prester John, the Great Mogul, and the Great Cham of Tartary! The long-lost voyager must have been like a person consecrated in all the quarters of heaven. His staff and his beard must have looked like relics of his former self. The Venetians, who were some of the earliest European travellers, have been remarked, among their other amiable qualities, for their great respect for strangers. The peculiarity of their position, and the absence of so many things which are common-places to other countries, such as streets, horses, and coaches, add, no doubt, to this feeling. But a foolish or vain people would only feel a contempt for what they did not possess. Milton, in

• one of those favourite passages of his, in which he turns a nomenclature into such grand meaning and music, shows us whose old footing he had delighted to follow. How he enjoys the distance; emphatically using the words *far*, *farthest*, and *utmost*!

—Embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the Emilian; some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotick Isle; and more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these;
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane.—*Parad. Reg. b. iv.*

One of the main helps to our love of remoteness in general, is the associations we connect with it of peace and quietness. Whatever there may be at a distance, people feel as if they should escape from the worry of their local cares. "O that I had wings like a dove! then would I fly away and be at rest." The word *far* is often used wilfully in poetry, to render distance still more distant. An old English song begins—

In Irelande farre over the sea
There dwelt a bonny king.

Thomson, a Scotchman, speaking of the western isles of his own country, has that delicious line, full of a dreary yet lulling pleasure;—

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main.

In childhood, the total ignorance of the world, especially when we are brought up in some confined spot, renders everything beyond the bounds of our dwelling a distance and a romance. Mr Lamb, in his *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, says that he remembers when some half-dozen of his school-fellows set off, "without map, card, or compass, on a serious expedition to find out Philip Quarll's Island." We once encountered a set of boys as romantic. It was

at no greater distance than at the foot of a hill near Hampstead; yet the spot was so perfectly Cisalpine to them, that two of them came up to us with looks of hushing eagerness, and asked "whether, on the other side of that hill, there were not robbers"; to which, the minor adventurer of the two added, "and some say serpents." They had all got bows and arrows, and were evidently hovering about the place, betwixt daring and apprehension, as on the borders of some wild region. We smiled to think which it was that husbanded their suburb wonders to more advantage, they or we: for while they peopled the place with robbers and serpents, we were peopling it with sylvans and fairies.

So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father to the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

THE HERALD MERCURY

HE said; and straight the herald Argicide
Beneath his feet the feathery sandals tied,
Immortal, golden, that his flight could bear
O'er seas and lands, like waftage of the air;
His rod too, that can close the eyes of men
In balmy sleep, and open them again,
He took, and holding it in hand, went flying;
Till from Pieria's top the sea descrying,
Down to it sheer he dropp'd, and scoured away
Like the wild gull, that fishing o'er the bay
Flaps on, with pinions dipping in the brine;
So went on the far sea the shape divine.
And now arriving at the isle, he springs
Oblique, and landing with subsided wings,

- Walks to the cavern 'twixt the tall green rocks,
Where dwelt the goddess with the lovely locks.
He paused; and there came on him, as he stood,
A smell of citron and of cedar wood,
That threw a perfume all about the isle;
And she within sat spinning all the while,
And sang a lovely song, that made him hark and
smile.

A sylvan nook it was, grown round with trees,
Poplars, and elms, and odorous cypresses,
In which are birds of ample wing, the owl
And hawk, had nests, and broad-tongued water-fowl.
The cave in front was spread with a green vine,
Whose dark round bunches almost burst with wine;
And from four springs, running a sprightly race
Four fountains, clear and crisp, refreshed the place;
While all about, a meadowy ground was seen,
Of violets mingling with the parsley green;
So that a stranger, though a god were he,
Might well admire it, and stand there to see;
And so admiring, there stood Mercury.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SLEEP

THIS is an article for the reader to think of, when he or she is warm in bed, a little before he goes to sleep, the clothes at his ear, and the wind moaning in some distant crevice.

“Blessings,” exclaimed Sancho, “on him that first invented sleep! It wraps a man all round like a cloak.” It is a delicious moment certainly,—that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past: the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful: the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one:—the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing

degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child;—the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye;—’tis closing;—’tis more closing;—’tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

It is said that sleep is best before midnight: and Nature herself, with her darkness and chilling dews, informs us so. There is another reason for going to bed betimes: for it is universally acknowledged that lying late in the morning is a great shortener of life. At least, it is never found in company with longevity. It also tends to make people corpulent. But these matters belong rather to the subject of early rising, than of sleep.

Sleep at a late hour in the morning is not half so pleasant as the more timely one. It is sometimes however excusable, especially to a watchful or overworked head; neither can we deny the seducing merits of “t’ other doze,”—the pleasing wilfulness of nestling in a new posture, when you know you ought to be up, like the rest of the house. But then you cut up the day, and your sleep the next night.

In the course of the day, few people think of sleeping, except after dinner; and then it is often rather a hovering and nodding on the borders of sleep, than sleep itself. This is a privilege allowable, we think, to none but the old, or the sickly, or the very tired and careworn; and it should be well understood, before it is exercised in company. To escape into slumber from an argument; or to take it as an affair of course, only between you and your biliary duct; or to assent with involuntary nods to all that you have just been disputing, is not so well: much less, to sit nodding and tottering beside a lady; or to be in danger of dropping your head into the fruit-plate or your host’s face; or of waking up, and saying, “Just so,” to the bark of a dog; or “Yes, Madam,” to the black at your elbow.

Careworn people, however, might refresh themselves oftener with day-sleep than they do; if their bodily state is such as to dispose them to it. It is a

• mistake to suppose that all care is wakeful. People sometimes sleep, as well as wake, by reason of their sorrow. The difference seems to depend upon the nature of their temperament; though in the *most* excessive cases, sleep is perhaps Nature's never-failing relief, as swooning is upon the rack. A person with jaundice in his blood shall lie down and go to sleep at noon-day, when another of a different complexion shall find his eyes as uncloseable as a statue's, though he has had no sleep for nights together. Without meaning to lessen the dignity of suffering, which has quite enough to do with its waking hours, it is this that may often account for the profound sleeps enjoyed the night before hazardous battles, executions, and other demands upon an over-excited spirit.

The most complete and healthy sleep that can be taken in the day, is in summer-time, out in a field. There is perhaps no solitary sensation so exquisite as that of slumbering on the grass or hay, shaded from the hot sun by a tree, with the consciousness of a fresh but light air running through the wide atmosphere, and the sky stretching far overhead upon all sides. Earth, and heaven, and a placid humanity, seem to have the creation to themselves. There is nothing between the slumberer and the naked and glad innocence of nature.

Next to this, but at a long interval, the most relishing snatch of slumber out of bed, is the one which a tired person takes, before he retires for the night, while lingering in his sitting-room. The consciousness of being very sleepy and of having the power to go to bed immediately, gives great zest to the unwillingness to move. Sometimes he sits nodding in his chair; but the sudden and leaden jerks of the head to which a state of great sleepiness renders him liable, are generally too painful for so luxurious a moment; and he gets into a more legitimate posture, sitting sideways with his head on the chair-back, or throwing his legs up at once on another chair, and half reclining. It is curious, however, to find how long an inconvenient

posture will be borne for the sake of this foretaste of repose. The worst of it is, that on going to bed, the charm sometimes vanishes; perhaps from the colder temperature of the chamber; for a fireside is a great opiate.

Speaking of the painful positions into which a sleepy loungee will get himself, it is amusing to think of the more fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. If we could add anything to the numberless things that have been said about sleep by the poets, it would be upon this point. Sleep never shows himself a greater leveller. A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may sit proudly, he may eat his dinner proudly; he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority; in a word, he may show himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But Sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures: so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with the string between its legs, is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together;—what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!

But Sleep is kindly, even in his tricks; and the poets have treated him with proper reverence. According to the ancient mythologists, he had even one of the Graces to wife. He had a thousand sons, of whom the chief were Morpheus, or the Shaper; Icelos, or the Likely; Phantasus, the Fancy; and Phobetor, the Terror. His dwelling some writers place in a dull and darkling part of the earth; others, with greater compliment, in heaven; and others, with another kind of propriety, by the seashore. There is a good descrip-

tion of it in Ovid; but in these abstracted tasks of poetry, the moderns outvie the ancients; and there is nobody who has built his bower for him so finely as Spenser. Archimago in the first book of the *Faerie Queene* (Canto I. st. 39), sends a little spirit down to Morpheus to fetch him a Dream:

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters, wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is. There, Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash; and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver dew his ever-drouping head,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft
A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe,
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixed with a murmuring winde, much like the sounne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone.
No other noise, nor people's troublous cryes,
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence, far from enimes.

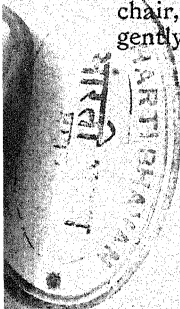
Chaucer has drawn the cave of the same god with greater simplicity; but nothing can have a more deep and sullen effect than his cliffs and cold running waters. It seems as real as an actual solitude, or some quaint old picture in a book of travels in Tartary. He is telling the story of Ceyx and Alcyone in the poem called his Dream. Juno tells a messenger to go to Morpheus and "bid him creep into the body" of the drowned king, to let his wife know the fatal event by his apparition.

This messenger tooke leave, and went
Upon his way; and never he stent
Till he came to the dark valley,
That stant betweene rockes twey.
There never yet grew corne, ne gras,
Ne tree, ne nought that aught was,
Beast, ne man, ne naught else;

Save that there were a few wells
 Came running fro the cliffs adowne,
 That made a deadly sleeping sounne,
 And runnen downe right by a cave,
 That was under a rocky grave,
 Amid the valley, wonder-deepe.
 There these goddis lay asleepe,
 Morpheus and Eclympasteire,
 That was the god of Sleepis heire,
 That slept and did none other worke.

Where the credentials of this new son and heir Eclympasteire, are to be found, we know not; but he acts very much, it must be allowed, like an heir presumptive, in sleeping, and doing "none other work."

We dare not trust ourselves with many quotations upon sleep from the poets; they are so numerous as well as beautiful. We must content ourselves with mentioning that our two most favourite passages are one in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, admirable for its contrast to a scene of terrible agony, which it closes; and the other the following address in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of *Valentinian*, the hero of which is also a sufferer under bodily torment. He is in a chair, slumbering; and these most exquisite lines are gently sung with music.



Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
 Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
 On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud
 In gentle showers: give nothing that is loud
 Or painful to his slumbers: easy, sweet,
 And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
 Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
 Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain:
 Into this prince, gently, oh gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride.

How earnest and prayer-like are these pauses! How lightly sprinkled, and yet how deeply settling, like rain, the fancy! How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion!

Sleep is most graceful in an infant; soundest, in

- one who has been tired in the open air; completest, to the seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome, to the mind haunted with one idea; most touching to look at, in the parent that has wept; lightest, in the playful child; proudest, in the bride adored.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN

OUR Old Gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious:—nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig; which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favourite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hairdresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered; in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and, in warm weather, is proud of opening his waistcoat half-way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to show his hardiness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one, when bowed to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one

for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning—

When beauteous Mira walks the plain.

He intends this for a common-place book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose, cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns; some of them rather gay. His principal other books are Shakspeare's Plays and Milton's Paradise Lost; the Spectator, the History of England, the Works of Lady M. W. Montague, Pope and Churchill; Middleton's Geography; the Gentleman's Magazine; Sir John Sinclair on Longevity; several plays with portraits in character; Account of Elizabeth Canning, Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy, Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton, Blair's Works, Elegant Extracts; Junius as originally published; a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, &c. and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting-rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto of M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humorous piece after Penny; and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile, and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or

riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers; not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so; the fishmonger soliciting his doubting eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure to be stale, and the flesh new. He eats no tart; or if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses, as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port; and if he has drunk more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced by some respectful inquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr Oswald or Mr Lampe, such as—

Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,

or

• Come, gentle god of soft repose,

or his wife's favourite ballad, beginning—

At Upton on the hill,

There lived a happy pair.

Of course, no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room: but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my lord North" or "my lord Rockingham"; for he rarely says simply, lord; it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteelly off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand

sideways betwixt his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arm's length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new-comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions he gives an important hem! or so; and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre, or of having a game of cards. If he enjoys the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years; but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific; and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters; who, if ill players, are good losers. Not that he is a miser, but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage; and to win of a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early, whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre, he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes, he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks everything looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he, with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the Duchess of A., the finest woman in England, Sir; and Mrs L., a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan what's her name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire, when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh box-full in Tavistock-street, in his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady, on the least holiday occasion. If the husband for instance has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, Sir, from the country"; and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, Sir"; and he kisses the cousin. He "never recollects such weather," except during the "Great Frost," or when he rode down with "Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket." He grows young again in his little grandchildren, especially the one which he thinks most like himself; which is the handsomest. Yet he likes best perhaps the one most resembling his wife; and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence, for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school, he often goes to see them; and makes them blush by telling the master or the upper-scholars, that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast; and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth; "a very sad dog, Sir; mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings, and say little or nothing; but informs you, that there is Mrs Jones (the housekeeper)—"She'll talk."

FRANCESCA'S GARDEN

A noble range it was, of many a rood,
 Wall'd and tree-girt, and ending in a wood.
 A small sweet house o'erlook'd it from a nest
 Of pines:—all wood and garden was the rest,
 Lawn, and green lane, and covert:—and it had
 A winding stream about it, clear and glad,
 With here and there a swan, the creature born
 To be the only graceful shape of scorn.
 The flower-beds all were liberal of delight:
 Roses in heaps were there, both red and white,
 Lilies angelical, and gorgeous glooms
 Of wall-flowers, and blue hyacinths, and blooms
 Hanging thick clusters from light boughs; in short,
 All the sweet cups to which the bees resort,
 With plots of grass, and leafier walks between
 Of red geraniums, and of jessamine,
 And orange, whose warm leaves so finely suit,
 And look as if they shade a golden fruit;
 And midst the flow'rs, turf'd round beneath a shade
 Of darksome pines, a babbling fountain play'd,
 And 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright,
 Which through the tops glimmer'd with show'ring
 light.

So now you stood to think what odours best
 Made the air happy in that lovely nest;
 And now you went beside the flowers, with eyes
 Earnest as bees, restless as butterflies;
 And then turn'd off into a shadier walk
 Close and continuous, fit for lover's talk;
 And then pursued the stream, and as you trod
 Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,
 Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,
 And a new sense in your soft-lighting feet.
 At last you enter'd shades indeed, the wood,
 Broken with glens and pits, and glades far-view'd,
 Through which the distant palace now and then

Look'd lordly forth with many-window'd ken;
A land of trees,—which reaching round about
In shady blessing stretch'd their old arms out;
With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,
Where at her drink you startled the slim deer,
Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.
And all about, the birds kept leafy house,
And sung and darted in and out the boughs;
And all about, a lovely sky of blue
Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laugh'd through;
And here and there, in every part, were seats,
Some in the open walks, some in retreats,—
With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye
Look'd up half sweetly and half awfully,—
Places of nestling green, for poets made,
Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,
The rugged trunks, to inward peeping sight,
Throng'd in dark pillars up the gold green light.

But 'twixt the wood and flowery walks, half-way,
And form'd of both, the loveliest portion lay,—
A spot, that struck you like enchanted ground:—
It was a shallow dell, set in a mound
Of sloping orchards,—fig, and almond trees,
Cherry and pine, with some few cypresses;
Down by whose roots, descending darkly still,
(You saw it not, but heard) there gush'd a rill,
Whose low sweet talking seem'd as if it said
Something eternal to that happy shade.
The ground within was lawn, with fruits and flowers
Heap'd towards the centre, half of citron bowers;
And in the middle of those golden trees,
Half seen amidst the globy oranges,
Lurk'd a rare summer-house, a lovely sight,—
Small, marble, well-proportion'd, creamy white,
Its top with vine-leaves sprinkled,—but no more,—
And a young bay-tree either side the door.
The door was to the wood, forward and square,
The rest was domed at top, and circular;

And through the dome the only light came in,
Ting'd as it enter'd by the vine-leaves thin.

It was a beauteous piece of ancient skill,
Spar'd from the rage of war, and perfect still;
By some suppos'd the work of fairy hands,—
Fam'd for luxurious taste, and choice of lands,
Alcina or Morgana,—who from fights
And errant fame inveigled amorous knights.
But 'twas a temple, as its sculpture told,
Built to the Nymphs that haunted there of old;
For o'er the door was carv'd a sacrifice
By girls and shepherds brought, with reverend eyes,
Of sylvan drinks and foods, simple and sweet,
And goats with struggling horns and planted feet:
And round about, ran, on a line with this,
In like relief, a world of pagan bliss,
That shew'd, in various scenes, the nymphs themselves;
Some by the water-side, on bowery shelves
Leaning at will,—some in the stream at play,—
Some pelting the young Fauns with buds of May,—
Or half-asleep pretending not to see
The latter in the brakes come creepingly,
While from their careless urns, lying aside
In the long grass, the straggling waters glide.
Never, be sure, before or since was seen
A summer-house so fine in such a nest of green.

A CHAPTER ON HATS

WE know not what will be thought of our taste in so important a matter, but we must confess we are not fond of a new hat. There is a certain insolence about it: it seems to value itself upon its finished appearance, and to presume upon our liking before we are acquainted with it. In the first place, it comes home more like a marmot or some other living creature, than a manufacture. It is bowed up, and wrent in

• silver paper, and brought delicately. It is as sleek as a lap-dog. Then we are to take it out as nicely, and people are to wonder how we shall look in it. Maria twitches one this way, and Sophia that, and Caroline that, and Catharine t'other. We have the difficult task, all the while, of looking easy, till the approving votes are pronounced; our only resource (which is also difficult) being to say good things to all four; or to clap the hat upon each of their heads, and see what pretty milk-women they make. At last the approving votes are pronounced; and (provided it is fine) we may go forth. But how uneasy the sensation about the head! How unlike the old hat, to which we had become used, and which must now make way for this fop of a stranger! We might do what we liked with the former. Dust, rain, a gale of wind, a fall, a squeeze,—nothing affected it. It was a true friend, a friend for all weathers. Its appearance only was against it: in everything else it was the better for wear. But if the roads or the streets are too dry, the new hat is afraid of getting dusty: if there is wind, and it is not tight, it may be blown off into the dirt: we may have to scramble after it through dust or mud; just reaching it with our fingers, only to see it blown away again. And if rain comes on! Oh ye gallant apprentices, who have issued forth on a Sunday morning, with Jane or Susan, careless either of storms at night-fall, or toils and scoldings next day! Ye, who have received your new hat and boots but an hour before ye set out; and then issue forth triumphantly, the charmer by your side! She, with arm in yours, and handkerchief in hand, blushing, or eating gingerbread, trips on: ye, admiring, trudge: we ask ye, whether love itself has prevented ye from feeling a certain fearful consciousness of that crowning glory, the new and glossy hat, when the first drops of rain announce the coming of a shower? Ah, hasten, while yet it is of use to haste; ere yet the spotty horror fixes on the nap! Out with the protecting handkerchief, which, tied round the hat, and flowing off in

a corner behind, shall gleam through the thickening night like a suburb comet! Trust not the tempting yawn of stable-yard or gate-way, or the impossible notion of a coach! The rain will continue; and alas! ye are not so rich as in the morning. Hasten! or think of a new hat's becoming a rain-spout! Think of its well-built crown, its graceful and well-measured fit, the curved-up elegance of its rim, its shadowing gentility when seen in front, its arching grace over the ear when beheld sideways! Think of it also the next day! How altered, how dejected!

How changed from him,
That life of measure and that soul of rim!

Think of the paper-like change of its consistence; of its limp sadness—its confused and flattened nap, and of that polished and perfect circle, which neither brush nor hot iron shall restore!

We have here spoken of the beauties of a new hat; but abstractedly considered, they are very problematical. Fashion makes beauty for a time. Our ancestors found a grace in the cocked hats now confined to beadles, Chelsea pensioners, and coachmen. They would have laughed at our chimney-tops with a border: though upon the whole we do think them the more graceful of the two. The best modern covering for the head was the imitation of the broad Spanish hat in use about thirty years back, when Mr Stothard made his designs for the *Novelist's Magazine*. But in proportion as society has been put into a bustle, our hats seem to have narrowed their dimensions: the flaps were clipped off more and more till they became a rim; and now the rim has contracted to a mere nothing; so that what with our close heads and our tight succinct mode of dress, we look as if we were intended for nothing but to dart backwards and forwards on matters of business, with as little hindrance to each other as possible.

This may give us a greater distaste to the hat than it deserves; but good-looking or not, we know of no

• situation in which a new one can be said to be useful. We have seen how the case is during bad weather: but if the weather is in the finest condition possible, with neither rain nor dust, there may be a hot sunshine; and then the hat is too narrow to shade us: no great evil, it is true! but we must have our pique out against the knave, and turn him to the only account in our power:—we must write upon him. For every other purpose, we hold him as naught. The only place a new hat can be carried into with safety, is a church; for there is plenty of room there. There also takes place its only union of the ornamental with the useful, if so it is to be called: we allude to the preparatory ejaculation whispered into it by the genteel worshipper, before he turns round and makes a bow to Mr and Mrs Jones and the Miss Thompsons. There is a formula for this occasion; and doubtless it is often used, to say nothing of extempore effusions: but there are wicked imaginations, who suspect that instead of devouter whisperings, the communer with his lining sometimes ejaculates no more than Swallow, St James's-street; or, Augarde and Spain, Hatters, No. 51, Oxford-street, London:—after which he draws up his head with infinite gravity and preparation, and makes the gentle recognitions aforesaid.

But wherever there is a crowd, the new hat is worse than useless. It is a pity that the general retrenchment of people's finances did away with the flat opera hat, which was a very sensible thing. The round one is only in the way. The matting over the floor of the Opera does not hinder it from getting dusty; not to mention its chance of a kick from the inconsiderate. But from the pit of the other theatres, you may bring it away covered with sawdust, or rubbed up all the wrong way of the nap, or monstrously squeezed into a shapeless lump. The least thing to be expected in a pressure, is a great poke in its side like a sunken cheek.

Boating is a mortal enemy to new hats. A shower has you fast in a common boat; or a sail-line, or an inexperienced oar, may knock the hat off; and then

fancy it tilting over the water with the tide, soaked all the while beyond redemption, and escaping from the tips of your outstretched fingers, while you ought all to be pulling the contrary way home.

But of all wrong boxes for a new hat, avoid a mail-coach. If you keep it on, you will begin nodding perhaps at midnight, and then it goes jamming against the side of the coach, to the equal misery of its nap and your own. If you take it off, where is its refuge? Will the clergyman take the least heed of it, who is snoring comfortably in one corner in his nightcap? Or will the farmer, jolting about inexorably? Of the regular traveller, who in his fur-cap and infinite knowledge of highway conveniences, has already beheld it with contempt? Or the old market-woman, whom it is in vain to request to be tender? Or the young damsel, who wonders how you can think of sleeping in such a thing? In the morning you suddenly miss your hat, and ask after it with trepidation. The traveller smiles. They all move their legs, but know nothing of it; till the market-woman exclaims, "Deary me! Well—lord, only think! A hat is it, Sir? Why I do believe,—but I'm sure I never thought o' such a thing more than the child unborn,—that it must be a hat then which I took for a pan I've been a buying; and so I've had my warm foot in it, Lord help us, ever since five o'clock this blessed morning!"

It is but fair to add, that we happen to have an educated antipathy to the hat. At our school no hats were worn, and the cap is too small to be a substitute. Its only use is to astonish the old ladies in the street, who wonder how so small a thing can be kept on; and to this end, we used to rub it into the back or side of the head, where it hung like a worsted wonder. It is after the fashion of Catharine's cap in the play: it seems as if

Moulded on a porringer;
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
A custard coffin, a bauble.

But we may not add

I love thee well, in that thou likest it not ;

Ill befall us, if we ever dislike anything about thee, old nurse of our childhood ! How independent of the weather used we to feel in our old friar's dress,—our thick shoes, yellow worsted stockings, and coarse long coat or gown ! Our cap was oftener in our hand than on our head, let the weather be what it would. We felt a pride as well as pleasure, when every body else was hurrying through the streets, in receiving the full summer showers with uncovered poll, sleeking our glad hair like the feathers of a bird.

It must be said for hats in general, that they are a very ancient part of dress, perhaps the most ancient ; for a negro, who has nothing else upon him, sometimes finds it necessary to guard off the sun with a hat of leaves or straw. The Chinese, who carry their records farther back than any other people, are a hatted race, both narrow-brimmed and broad. We are apt to think of the Greeks as a bare-headed people ; and they liked to be so ; but they had hats for journeying in, such as may be seen on the statues of Mercury, who was the god of travellers. They were large and flapped, and were sometimes fastened round under the chin like a lady's bonnet. The Eastern nations generally wore turbans, and do still, with the exception of the Persians, who have exchanged them for large conical caps of felt. The Romans copied the Greeks in their dress, as in everything else ; but the poorer orders wore a cap like their boasted Phrygian ancestors, resembling the one which the reader may see about the streets upon the bust of Canova's Paris. The others would put their robes about their heads upon occasion,—after the fashion of the hoods of the middle ages, and of the cloth head-dresses which we see in the portraits of Dante and Petrarch. Of a similar mode are the draperies on the heads of our old Plantagenet kings and of Chaucer. The velvet cap which succeeded, appears to have come from Italy, as seen in the por-

traits of Raphael and Titian; and it would probably have continued till the French times of Charles the Second, for our ancestors up to that period were great admirers of Italy, had not Philip the Second of Spain come over to marry our Queen Mary. The extreme heats of Spain had forced the natives upon taking to that ingenious compound of the hat and umbrella, still known by the name of the Spanish hat. We know not whether Philip himself wore it. His father, Charles the Fifth, who was at the top of the world, is represented as delighting in a little humble-looking cap. But we conceive it was either from Philip, or some gentleman in his train, that the hat and feather succeeded among us to the cap and jewels of Henry the Eighth. The ascendancy of Spain in those times carried it into other parts of Europe. The French, not requiring so much shade from the sun, and always playing with and altering their dress, as a child does his toy, first covered the brim with feathers, then gave them a pinch in front; then came pinches up at the side; and at last appeared the fierce and triple-daring cocked-hat. This disappeared in our childhood, or only survived among the military, the old, and the reverend, who could not willingly part with their habitual dignity. An old beau or so would also retain it, in memory of its victories when young. We remember its going away from the heads of the footguards. The heavy dragoons retained it till lately. It is now almost sunk into the mock-heroic, and confined, as we before observed, to beadles and coachmen, &c. The modern clerical beaver, agreeably to the deliberation with which our establishments depart from all custom, is a cocked hat with the front flap let down, and only a slight pinch remaining behind. This is worn also by the judges, the lawyers being of clerical extraction. Still however the true cocked-hat lingers here and there with a solitary old gentleman; and wherever it appears in such company, begets a certain retrospective reverence. There was a something in its connexion with the high-bred drawing-

room times of the seventeenth century; in the gallant though quaint ardour of its look; and in its being lifted up in salutations with that deliberate loftiness, the arm arching up in front and the hand slowly raising it by the front angle with finger and thumb,—that could not easily die. We remember, when our steward at school, remarkable for his inflexible air of precision and dignity, left off his cocked-hat for a round one; there was, undoubtedly, though we dared only half confess it to our minds, a sort of diminished majesty about him. His infinite self-possession began to look remotely finite. His Crown Imperial was a little blighted. It was like divesting a column of its capital. But the native stateliness was there, informing the new hat. He

Had not yet lost
All his original beaver; nor appeared
Less than arch-steward ruined; and the excess
Of glory obscured.

The late Emperor Paul had conceived such a sense of the dignity of the cocked hat, aggravated by its having been deposed by the round one of the French republicans, that he ordered all persons in his dominions never to dare be seen in public with round hats, upon pain of being knouted and sent to Siberia.

Hats being the easiest part of the European dress to be taken off, are doffed among us out of reverence. The Orientals, on the same account, put off their slippers instead of turbans, which is the reason why the Jews still keep their heads covered during worship. The Spanish grandees have the privilege of wearing their hats in the royal presence, probably in commemoration of the free spirit in which the Cortes used to crown the sovereign; telling him (we suppose in their corporate capacity) that they were better men than he, but chose him of their own free will for their master. The grandees only claim to be as good men, unless their families are older. There is a well-known story of a picture, in which the Virgin Mary is repre-

sented with a label coming out of her mouth, saying to a Spanish gentleman who has politely taken off his hat, "Cousin, be covered." But the most interesting anecdote connected with a hat belongs to the family of the De Courcys, Lord Kinsale. One of their ancestors, at an old period of our history, having overthrown a huge and insolent champion, who had challenged the whole court, was desired by the king to ask him some favour. He requested that his descendants should have the privilege of keeping their heads covered in the royal presence, and they do so to this day. The new lord, we believe, always comes to court on purpose to vindicate his right. We have heard, that on the last occasion, probably after a long interval, some of the courtiers thought it might as well have been dispensed with; which was a foolish as well as a jealous thing, for these exceptions only prove the royal rule. The Spanish grandees originally took their privilege instead of receiving it; but when the spirit of it had gone, their covered heads were only so many intense recognitions of the king's dignity, which it was thought such a mighty thing to resemble. A Quaker's hat is a more formidable thing than a grandee's.

DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN

A GRECIAN philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend, that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil on which they pour, would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery which parches the countenance

into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist, or bow quietly and drily down, in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but, in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our window the trees about it, and the church spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling over-head, alternately taking

away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far-distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of our childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field; and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realising her hopes; and gaiety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly

pain (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, anything about abilities or otherwise), they are misunderstood if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain; for it endeavours, at all times, to turn pain into pleasure: or at least to set off the one with the other, to make the former a zest and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this, and, if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasures, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. We are far, indeed, from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain when most unselfish, if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind (and ill-health, for instance, may draw it), we should not quarrel with it if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible, though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss

itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea¹. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly "Of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discern-

¹ "I sighed," says old Captain Dalton, "when I envied you the two bonnie children; but I sigh not now to call either the monk or the soldier mine own!"—*Monastery*, vol. iii., p. 341.

ment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?”—The vision rais’d its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer’d, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee then,
“Write me as one that loves his fellow men.”

The angel wrote, and vanish’d. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show’d the names whom love of God had bless’d,
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

MAY-DAY

MAY-DAY is a word, which used to awaken in the minds of our ancestors all the ideas of youth, and verdure, and blossoming, and love; and hilarity; in short, the union of the two best things in the world, the love of nature, and the love of each other. It was the day, on which the arrival of the year at maturity was kept, like that of a blooming heiress. They caught her eye as she was coming, and sent up hundreds of songs of joy.

Now the bright Morning-Star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire :
Woods and groves are of thy dressing ;
Hill and dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

These songs were stopped by Milton's friends the Puritans, whom in his old age he differed with, most likely on these points among others. But till then, they appear to have been as old, all over Europe, as the existence of society. The Druids are said to have had festivals in honour of May. Our Teutonic ancestors had, undoubtedly ; and in the countries which had constituted the Western Roman Empire, Flora still saw thanks paid for her flowers, though her worship had gone away.

The homage which was paid to the Month of Love and flowers, may be divided into two sorts, the general and the individual. The first consisted in going with others to gather May, and in joining in sports and games afterwards. On the first of the month, "the juvenile part of both sexes," says Bourne, in his *Popular Antiquities*, "were wont to rise a little after midnight and walk to some neighbouring wood, where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this was done, they returned with their booty about the rising of the sun, and made their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day was chiefly spent in dancing round a May-pole, which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stood there, as it were, consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least violation offered to it, in the whole circle of the year." Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, has detailed the circumstances, in a style like a rustic dance.

Younge folke now flocken in—every where
 To gather May-baskets—and swelling brere;
 And home they hasten—the postes to dight,
 And all the kirk-pilours—care day-light,
 With hawthorne buds—and sweet eglantine,
 And girlonds of roses—and soppes in wine.

* * * * *

Sicker this morowe, no longer agoe,
 I saw a shole of shepherds outgoe
 With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere;
 Before them yode a lustie tabrere
 That to the many a hornpipe played,
 • Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
 To see these folks make such jovisaunce,
 Made my heart after the pipe to daunce.
 Tho to the greene wood they speeden hem all,
 To fetchen home May with their musicall;
 And home they bringen, in a royall throne,
 Crowned as king; and his queen attone
 Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
 A fayre flocke of faeries, and a fresh bend
 Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there
 To helpen the ladies their May-bush beare.

The day was passed in sociality and manly sports;—
 in archery, and running, and pitching the bar,—in
 dancing, singing, playing music, acting Robin Hood
 and his company, and making a well-earned feast upon
 all the country dainties in season. It closed with an
 award of prizes.

As I have seen the Lady of the May,
 Set in an arbour (on a holiday)
 Built by the Maypole, where the jocund swains
 Dance with the maidens to the bag-pipe's strains,
 When envious night commands them to be gone,
 Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
 And for their well performance soon disposes,
 To this a garland interwove with roses,
 To that a carved hook, or well-wrought scrip,
 Gracing another with her cherry lip;
 To one her garter, to another then
 A handkerchief cast o'er and o'er again;
 And none returneth empty, that hath spent
 His pains to fill their rural merriment.

Among the gentry and at court the spirit of the same enjoyments took place, modified according to the taste or rank of the entertainers. The most universal amusement, agreeably to the general current in the veins, and the common participation of flesh and blood (for rank knows no distinction of legs and knee-pans), was dancing. Contests of chivalry supplied the place of more rural gymnastics. But the most poetical and elaborate entertainment was the Mask. A certain flowery grace was sprinkled over all; and the finest spirits of the time thought they showed both their manliness and wisdom, in knowing how to raise the pleasures of the season to their height. Sir Philip Sidney, the idea of whom has come down to us as a personification of all the refinement of that age, is fondly recollected by Spenser in this character.

His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without soure, and honey without gall:
And he himself seemed made for merriment,
Merrily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When Astrophel soever was away.

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Amongst the shepheards in their shearing feast;
As somer's larke that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forth comming from the East.
And layes of love he also could compose;
Thrice happie she, whom he to praise did choose.

Astrophel, st. 5.

Individual homage to the month of May consisted in paying respect to it though alone, and in plucking flowers and flowering boughs to adorn apartments with.

This maiden, in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime
To get sweet setywall,
The honey-suckle, the harlock,
The lily, and the lady-smock,
To deck her summer-hall.

Drayton's Pastorals, Eclog. 4.

•But when morning pleasures are to be spoken of, the lovers of poetry who do not know Chaucer, are like those who do not know what it is to be up in the morning. He has left us two exquisite pictures of the solitary observance of May, in his *Palamon and Arcite*. They are the more curious, inasmuch as the actor in one is a lady, and in the other a knight. How far they owe any of their beauty to his original, the *Theseide of Boccaccio*, we cannot say; for we never had the happiness of meeting with that rare work. The Italians have so neglected it, that they have not only never given it a rifacimento or re-modelling, as in the instance of Boiardo's poem, but are almost as much unacquainted with it, we believe, as foreign nations. Chaucer thought it worth his while to be both acquainted with it, and to make others so; and we may venture to say, that we know of no Italian after Boccaccio's age who was so likely to understand him to the core, as his English admirer, Ariosto not excepted. Still, from what we have seen of Boccaccio's poetry, we can imagine the *Theseide* to have been too lax and long. If Chaucer's *Palamon and Arcite* be all that he thought proper to distil from it, it must have been greatly so; for it was an epic. But at all events the essence is an exquisite one. The tree must have been a fine old enormity, from which such honey could be drawn.

To begin, as in duty bound, with the lady. How she sparkles through the antiquity of the language, like a young beauty in an old hood!

Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it felle ones in a morowe of May,
That Emelie—

But we will alter the spelling where we can, as in a former instance, merely to let the reader see what a notion is in his way, if he suffers the look of Chaucer's words to prevent his enjoying him.

Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
Till it fell once, in a morrow of May,

That Emily, that fairer was to seen
 Than is the lily upon his stalk green,
 And fresher than the May with flowers new,
 (For with the rosy colour strove her hue;
 I n'ot which was the finer of them two)
 Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
 She was arisen and all ready dight,
 For May will have no sluggardy a-night:
 The season pricketh every gentle heart,
 And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
 And saith "Arise, and do thine observance."

This maketh Emily have remembrance
 To do honour to May, and for to rise.
 Yclothed was she, fresh for to devise:
 Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,
 Behind her back, a yardè¹ long I guess:
 And in the garden, at the sun uprist,
 She walketh up and down where as her list;
 She gathereth flowers, party white and red
 To make a subtle garland for her head;
 And as an angel, heavenly she sung.
 The great tower, that was so thick and strong,
 Which of the castle was the chief dongeon,
 (Where as these knightès weren in prison,
 Of which I toldè you, and tellen shall)
 Was even joinant to the garden wall,
 There as this Emily had her playing.
 Bright was the sun, and clear that morwèning—

[How finely, to our ears at least, the second line of the couplet always rises up from this full stop at the first!]

Bright was the sun, and clear that morwèning,
 And Palamon, this woeful prisoner,
 As was his wont, by leave of his jailèr,
 Was risen, and roamed in a chamber on high,
 In which he all the noble city sigh²,
 And eke the garden, full of branches green,
 There as this fresh Emilia the sheen³
 Was in her walk, and roamed up and down.

¹ These additional syllables are to be read slightly, like the *e* in French verse.

² Saw.

³ The shining.

*Sir Walter Scott, in his edition of Dryden, says upon the passage before us, and Dryden's version of it, that "the modern must yield the palm to the ancient, in spite of the beauty of his versification." We quote from memory, but this is the substance of his words. For our parts, we agree with them, as to the consignment of the palm, but not as to the exception about the versification. With some allowance as to our present mode of accentuation, it appears to us to be touched with a finer sense of music even than Dryden's. It is more delicate, without any inferiority in strength, and still more various.

But to our other portrait. It is as sparkling with young manhood, as the former is with a gentler freshness. What a burst of radiant joy is in the second couplet; what a vital quickness in the comparison of the horse, "starting as the fire"; and what a native and happy ease in the conclusion!

The busy lark, the messenger of day,
 Saleweth¹ in her song the morrow gray;
 And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
 That all the orient laugheth of the sight;
 And with his strêmes drieth in the greves²
 The silver droppès hanging in the leaves;
 And Arcite, that is in the court real³
 With Theseus the squier principal,
 Is risen, and looketh on the merry day;
 And for to do his observance to May,
 Rememb'ring on the point of his desire,
 He on the courser, starting as the fire,
 Is ridden to the fieldès him to play,
 Out of the court, were it a mile or tway:
 And to the grove, of which that I you told,
 By aventure his way 'gan to hold,
 To maken him a garland of the greves,
 Were it of woodbind or of hawthorn leaves,
 And loud he sung against the sunny sheen:
 "O May, with all thy flowers and thy green,
 Right welcome be thou, fairè freshè May:
 I hope that I some green here getten may."
 And from his courser, with a lusty heart,

¹ Saluteth.² Groves.³ Royal.

Into the grove full hastily he start,
And in the path he roamed up and down.

The versification of this is not so striking as the other, but Dryden again falls short in the freshness and feeling of the sentiment. His lines are beautiful; but they do not come home to us with so happy and cordial a face. Here they are. The word morning in the first line, as it is repeated in the second, we are bound to consider as a slip of the pen; perhaps for mounting.

The morning-lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morning gray;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all the horizon laughed to see the joyous sight:
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
Observance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At ease he seemed, and prancing o'er the plains,
Turned only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I named before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
Then turned his face against the rising day,
And raised his voice to welcome in the May:
"For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
When thy short reign is past, the feverish Sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wandering steps to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind."
His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd.

How poor is this to Arcite's leaping from his courser "with a lusty heart"! How inferior the common-place of the "fiery steed," which need not involve any actual notion in the writer's mind, to the

*courser "starting as the fire";—how inferior the turning his face to "the rising day" and raising his voice to the singing "loud against the sunny sheen"; and lastly, the whole learned invocation and adjuration of May, about guiding his "wandering steps" and "so may thy tender blossoms" &c. to the call upon the "fair fresh May," ending with that simple, quick-hearted line, in which he hopes he shall get "some green here"; a touch in the happiest vivacity! Dryden's genius, for the most part, wanted faith in nature. It was too gross and sophisticate. There was as much difference between him and his original, as between a hot noon in perukes at St James's, and one of Chaucer's lounges on the grass, of a May-morning.

All this worship of May is over now. There is no issuing forth, in glad companies, to gather boughs; no adorning of houses with "the flowery spoil"; no songs, no dances, no village sports and coronations, no courtly poetries, no sense and acknowledgment of the quiet presence of nature, in grove or glade.

O thou delicious spring, O ye new flowers,
O airs, O youngling bowers; fresh thickening grass,
And plains beneath heaven's face; O hills and mountains,
Valleys, and streams, and fountains; banks of green,
Myrtles, and palms serene, ivies, and bays;
And ye who warmed old lays, spirits o' the woods,
Echoes, and solitudes, and lakes of light;
O quivered virgins bright, Pans rustical,
Satyrs and Sylvans all, Dryads, and ye
That up the mountains be; and ye beneath
In meadow or flowery heath,—ye are alone.

Two hundred years ago, our ancestors used to delight in anticipating their May holidays. Bigotry came in, and frowned them away; then Debauchery, and identified all pleasures with the town; then Avarice, and we have ever since been mistaking the means for the end.

Fortunately, it does not follow that we shall continue to do so. Commerce, while it thinks it is only

exchanging commodities, is helping to diffuse knowledge. All other gains,—all selfish and extravagant systems of acquisition,—tend to over-do themselves, and to topple down by their own undiffused magnitude. The world, as it learns other things, may learn not to confound the means with the end, or at least (to speak more philosophically), a really poor means with a really richer. The veriest cricket-player on a green has as sufficient a quantity of excitement as a fundholder or a partisan; and health, and spirits, and manliness to boot. Knowledge may go on; must do so, from necessity; and should do so, for the ends we speak of; but knowledge, so far from being incompatible with simplicity of pleasures, is the quickest to perceive its wealth. Chaucer would lie for hours, looking at the daisies. Scipio and Lælius could amuse themselves with making ducks and drakes on the water. Epaminondas, the greatest of all the active spirits of Greece, was a flute-player and dancer. Alfred the Great could act the whole part of a minstrel. Epicurus taught the riches of temperance and intellectual pleasure in a garden. The other philosophers of his country walked between heaven and earth in the colloquial bowers of Academus; and “the wisest heart of Solomon,” who found everything vain because he was a king, has left us panegyrics on the Spring and the “voice of the turtle,” because he was a poet, a lover, and a wise man.

THE FEAST OF THE POETS

T’OTHER day, as Apollo sat pitching his darts
Through the clouds of November by fits and by starts,
He began to consider how long it had been,
Since the bards of Old England a session had seen.
“I think,” said the God, recollecting, (and then
He fell twiddling a sunbeam, as I may my pen,)
“I think—let me see—yes, it is, I declare,

As long ago now as that Buckingham there:
And yet I can't see why I've been so remiss,
Unless it may be—and it certainly is,
That since Dryden's fine verses, and Milton's sublime,
I have fairly been sick of their sing-song and rhyme.
There was Collins, 'tis true, had a good deal to say;
But the dog had no industry,—neither had Gray:
And Thomson, though dear to my heart, was too
florid

To make the world see that their own taste was horrid.
So ever since Pope, my pet bard of the town,
Set a tune with his verses, half up and half down,
There has been such a doling and sameness—by Jove
I'd as soon have gone down to see Kemble in love.
However, of late, as they've rous'd them anew,
I'll e'en go and give them a lesson or two,
And as nothing's done there now-a-days without
eating,

See what kind of set I can muster worth treating."
So saying, the God bade his horses walk for'ard,
And, leaving them, took a long dive to the nor'ard:
For Gordon's he made; and as Gods who drop in do,
Came smack on his legs through the drawing-room
window.

And here I could tell, were I given to spin it,
How all the town shook, as the godhead came in it;
How bright look'd the poets, and brisk blew the airs,
And the laurels shot up in the gardens and squares;—
But fancies like these, though I've stores to supply me,
I'd better keep back for a poem I've by me,
And merely observe that the girls look'd divine,
And the old folks in-doors exclaim'd "Bless us, how
fine!"

If you'd fancy, however, what Phœbus might be,
Imagine a shape above mortal degree,
His limbs the perfection of elegant strength,—
A fine flowing roundness inclining to length,—
A presence that spoke,—an expansion of chest,

(For the God, you'll observe, like his statues was drest),

His throat like a pillar for smoothness and grace,
His curls in a cluster,—and then such a face,
As mark'd him at once the true offspring of Jove,
The brow all of wisdom, and lips all of love;
For though he was blooming, and oval of cheek,
And youth down his shoulders went smoothing and sleek,

Yet his look with the reach of past ages was wise,
And the soul of eternity thought through his eyes.

I wouldn't say more, lest my climax should lose;—
Yet now I have mention'd those lamps of the Muse,
I can't but observe what a splendour they shed,
When a thought more than common came into his head:

Then they leap'd in their frankness, deliciously bright,
And shot round about them an arrowy light;
And if, as he shook back his hair in its cluster,
A curl fell athwart them and darken'd their lustre,
A sprinkle of gold through the duskiness came,
Like the sun through a tree, when he's setting in flame.

The God then no sooner had taken a chair,
And rung for the landlord to order the fare,
Than he heard a strange noise and a knock from without,—

And scraping and bowing, came in *such* a rout!
There were all the worst play-wrights from Dibdin to Terry,

All grinning, as who should say, "Sha'n't we be merry?"

With men of light comedy lumb'ring like bears up,
And men of deep tragedy patting their hairs up.
The God, for an instant, sat fix'd as a stone,
Till recov'ring, he said in a good-natur'd tone,
"Oh, the waiters, I see;—ah, it's all very well,—
Only one of you'll do, just to answer the bell."

But lord! to see all the great dramatists' faces!
They look'd at each other, and made such grimaces!
Then turning about, left the room in vexation,
And Colman, they say, fairly mutter'd "Damnation!"

The God fell a laughing to see his mistake,
But stopp'd with a sigh for poor Comedy's sake;
Then gave mine host orders, who bow'd to the floor,
And had scarcely back'd out, and shut gently the door,
When a hemming was heard, consequential and snapping,

And a sour little gentleman walk'd with a rap in:
He bow'd, look'd about him, seem'd cold, and sat down,

And said, "I'm surpris'd that you'll visit this town:—
To be sure, there are one or two of us who know you,
But as for the rest, they are all much below you.
So stupid, in gen'ral, the natives are grown,
They really prefer Scotch reviews to their own;
So that what with their taste, their reformers, and stuff,
They have sicken'd myself and my friends long enough."

"Yourself and your friends!" cried the God in high glee;

"And pray, my frank visitor, who may you be?"

"Who be?" cried the other; "why really—this tone—
William Gifford's a name, I think, pretty well known!"

"Oh—now I remember," said Phoebus;—"ah true—
The Anti-La Cruscan that writes the review:—
The rod, though 'twas no such vast matter, that fell
On that plague of the butterflies,—did very well;
And there's something, which even distaste must respect,

In the self-taught example, that conquer'd neglect:
But not to insist on the recommendations
Of modesty, wit, and a small stock of patience,
My visit just now is to poets alone,
And not to small critics, however well known."
So saying he rang, to leave nothing in doubt,
And the sour little gentleman bless'd himself out.

But glad look'd the God at the next who appear'd,
For 'twas Campbell, by Poland's pale blessing en-
dear'd:

And Montgom'ry was with him, a freeman as true,
(Heav'n loves the ideal, which practises too);

And him follow'd Rogers, whose laurel tree shows
Thicker leaves, and more sunny, the older it grows;
Rejoicing he came in the god-send of weather:

Then Scott (for the famous ones all came together);
His host overwhelm'd him with thanks for his novels;
Then Crabbe, asking questions concerning Greek
hovels;

And Byron, with eager indifference; and Moore
With admiring glad eyes, that came leaping before;
And Keats, with young tresses and thoughts, like the
god's;

And Shelley, a sprite from his farthest abodes;
Phœbus gave him commissions from Marlowe and
Plato;

And Landor, whom two Latin poets sent bay to,
(Catullus and Ovid); and Southey with looks
Like a man just awak'd from the depth of his books;
And Coleridge, fine dreamer, with lutes in his rhyme;
And Wordsworth, the prince of the bards of his time.

"And now," said the God,—but he scarcely had
spoken,
When bang went the door—you'd have thought it was
broken;

And in rush'd a mob with a scuffle and squeeze,
Exclaiming, "What! Wordsworth, and fellows like
these!

Nay then, we may all take our seats as we please!"
I can't, if I would, tell you who they all were;
But a whole shoal of fops and of pedants were
there,

All the *heart* and *impart* men, and such as suppose
They write like the Virgils, and Popes, and Boileaus.
The God smil'd at first with a turn tow'rd the fire,

And whisper'd "There, tell 'em they 'd better retire";
But lord! this was only to set all their quills up;
The rogues did but bustle; and pulling their frills up,
Stood fixing their faces, and stirr'd not an inch;
Nay, some took their snuff out, and join'd in a pinch.

Then wrath seiz'd Apollo; and turning again,
"Ye rabble," he cried, "common-minded and vain,
Whate'er be the faults which true bards may commit,
(And most of 'em lie in your own want of wit,)
Ye shall try, wretched creatures, how well ye can
bear
What such only witness, unsmote with despair."

He said; and the place all seem'd swelling with
light,
While his locks and his visage grew awfully bright;
And clouds, burning inward, roll'd round on each side,
To encircle his state as he stood in his pride;
Till at last the full Deity put on his rays,
And burst on the sight in the pomp of his blaze!
Then a glory beam'd round, as of fiery rods,
With the sound of deep organs and chorister gods;
And the faces of bards, glowing fresh from their skies,
Came thronging about with intentness of eyes,—
And the Nine were all heard, as the harmony
swell'd,—
And the spheres, pealing in, the long rapture up-
held,—
And all things above, and beneath, and around,
Seem'd a world of bright vision, set floating in sound.

That sight and that music might not be sustain'd,
But by those who in wonder's great school had been
train'd;
And even the bards who had graciousness found,
After gazing awhile, bow'd them down to the ground.
What then could remain for that feeble-eyed crew?
Through the door in an instant they rush'd and they
flew;

They rush'd, and they dash'd, and they scrambled,
and stumbled,
And down the hall staircase distractedly tumbled,
And never once thought which was head or was feet,
And slid through the hall, and fell plump in the street,
So great was the panic that smote them to flight,
That of all who had come to be feasted that night,
Not one ventur'd back, or would stay near the place;
Even Ireland declin'd, notwithstanding his face.

But Phœbus no sooner had gain'd his good ends,
Than he put off his terrors, and rais'd up his friends,
Who stood for a moment entranc'd to behold
The glories subside and the dim-rolling gold,
And listen'd to sounds, that with ecstasy burning
Seem'd dying far upward, like heaven returning.
Then "Come," cried the God in his elegant mirth,
"Let us make us a heaven of our own upon earth,
And wake with the lips, that we dip in our bowls,
That divinest of music,—congenial souls."
So saying, he led through the door in his state,
Each bard as he follow'd him blessing his fate;
And by some charm or other, as each took his chair,
There burst a most beautiful wreath in his hair.
I can't tell 'em all, but the groundwork was bay,
And Campbell, in his, had some oak-leaves and May;
And Forget-me-not, Rogers; and Moore had a vine;
And Shelley, besides most magnificent pine,
Had the plant which thy least touch, Humanity,
knows;
And Keats's had forest-tree, basil, and rose;
And Southey some buds of the tall Eastern palm;
And Coleridge mandragoras, mingled with balm;
And Wordsworth, with all which the field-walk
endears,
The blossom that counts by its hundreds of years.
Then Apollo put his on, that sparkled with beams,
And rich rose the feast as an epicure's dreams,—
Not epicure civic, or grossly inclin'd,
But such as a poet might dream ere he din'd;

For the God had no sooner determin'd the fare,
Than it turn'd to whatever was racy and rare:
The fish and the flesh for example were done,
On account of their fineness, in flame from the sun;
The wines were all nectar of different smack,
To which Muskat was nothing, nor Virginis Lac,
No, nor even Johannisberg, soul of the Rhine,
Nor Montepulciano, though King of all Wine.
Then as for the fruits, you might garden for ages,
Before you could raise me such apples and gages;
And all on the table no sooner were spread,
Than their cheeks next the God blush'd a beautiful
red.

'Twas magic, in short, and deliciousness all;—
The very men-servants grew handsome and tall:
To velvet-hung ivory the furniture turn'd,
The service with opal and adamant burn'd,
Each candlestick chang'd to a pillar of gold,
While a bundle of beams took the place of the mould,
The decanters and glasses pure diamond became,
And the corkscrew ran solidly round into flame:—
In a word, so completely forestall'd were the wishes,
E'en harmony struck from the noise of the dishes.

It can't be suppos'd I should think of repeating
The fancies that flow'd at this laureat meeting;
I haven't the brains, and besides was not there;
But the wit may be easily guess'd by the chair.

I must mention, however, that during the wine,
Our four great old poets were toasted with nine.
Then others with six or with three as it fitted,
Nor were those who translate with a gusto, omitted.
At this, Southey begging the deity's ear—
"I know," interrupted Apollo, "'tis Frere":
And Scott put a word in, and begg'd to propose—
"I'll drink him with pleasure," said Phœbus, "'tis
Rose."

Then talking of lyrics, he call'd upon Moore,
Who sung such a song, that they shouted "Encore!"

And the God was so pleas'd with his taste and his tone,

He obey'd the next call, and gave one of his own,—
At which you'd have thought,—('twas so witching a warble,)

The guests had all turn'd into listening marble;
The wreaths on their temples grew brighter of bloom,
As the breath of the Deity circled the room;
And the wine in the glasses went rippling in rounds,
As if follow'd and fann'd by the soft-winged sounds.

Thus chatting and singing they sat till eleven,
When Phœbus shook hands, and departed for heaven;
"For poets," he said, "who would cherish their powers,

And hop'd to be deathless, must keep to good hours."
So off he betook him the way that he came,
And shot up the north, like an arrow of flame;
For the Bear was his inn; and the comet, they say,
Was his tandem in waiting to fetch him away.

The others then parted, all highly delighted;
And so shall I be, when you find me invited.

SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY

THE fifth of May, making the due allowance of twelve days from the twenty-third of April, according to the change of the Style, is the birth-day of Shakspeare. Pleasant thoughts must be associated with him in everything. If he is not to be born in April, he must be born in May. Nature will have him with her on her blithest holidays, like her favourite lover.

O thou divine human creature—greater name than even divine poet or divine philosopher—and yet thou wast all three—a very spring and vernal abundance of all fair and noble things is to be found in thy productions! They are truly a second nature. We walk

in them, with whatever society we please; either with men, or fair women, or circling spirits, or with none but the whispering airs and leaves. Thou makest worlds of green trees and gentle natures for us, in thy forests of Arden, and thy courtly retirements of Navarre. Thou bringest us among the holiday lasses on the green sward; layest us to sleep among fairies in the bowers of midsummer; wakest us with the song of the lark and the silver-sweet voices of lovers: bringest more music to our ears, both from earth and from the planets; anon settest us upon enchanted islands, where it welcomes us again, from the touching of invisible instruments; and after all, restorest us to our still desired haven, the arms of humanity. Whether grieving us or making us glad, thou makest us kinder and happier. The tears which thou fetchest down, are like the rains of April, softening the times that come after them. Thy smiles are those of the month of love, the more blessed and universal for the tears.

The birth-days of such men as Shakspeare ought to be kept, in common gratitude and affection, like those of relations whom we love. He has said, in a line full of him, that

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

How near does he become to us with his thousand touches! The lustre and utility of intellectual power is so increasing in the eyes of the world, that we do not despair of seeing the time when his birthday will be a subject of public rejoicing; when the regular feast will be served up in tavern and dwelling-house, the bust crowned with laurel, and the theatres sparkle with illuminations.

In the mean time, it is in the power of every admirer of Shakspeare to honour the day privately. Rich or poor, busy or at leisure, all may do it. The busiest finds time to eat his dinner, and may pitch one considerate glass of wine down his throat. The poorest may call him to mind, and drink his memory in honest water. We had mechanically written *health*,

as if he were alive. So he is in spirit;—and the spirit of such a writer is so constantly with us, that it would be a good thing, a judicious extravagance, a contemplative piece of jollity, to drink his health instead of his memory. But this, we fear, should be an impulse. We must content ourselves with having felt it here, and drinking it in imagination. To act upon it, as a proposal of the day before yesterday, might be too much like getting up an extempore gesture, or practising an unspeakable satisfaction.

An outline, however, may be drawn of the manner in which such a birth-day might be spent. The tone and colouring would be filled up, of course, according to the taste of the parties.—If any of our readers, then, have leisure as well as inclination to devote a day to the memory of Shakspeare, we would advise them, in the first place, to walk out, whether alone or in company, and enjoy during the morning as much as possible of those beauties of nature, of which he has left us such exquisite pictures. They would take a volume of him in their hands the most suitable to the occasion; not to hold themselves bound to sit down and read it, nor even to refer to it, if the original work of nature should occupy them too much; but to read it, if they read anything; and to feel that Shakspeare was with them substantially as well as spiritually;—that they had him with them under their arm. There is another thought connected with his presence, which may render the Londoner's walk the more interesting. Shakspeare had neither the vanity which induces a man to be disgusted with what everybody can enjoy; nor, on the other hand, the involuntary self-degradation which renders us incapable of enjoying what is abased by our own familiarity of acquaintanceship. About the metropolis, therefore, there is perhaps not a single rural spot, any more than about Stratford-upon-Avon, which he has not himself enjoyed. The south side of London was the one nearest his theatre. Hyde Park was then, as it is now, one of the fashionable promenades. Richmond

also was in high pride of estimation. At Greenwich Elizabeth held her court, and walked abroad amid the gallant service of the Sydneys and Raleighs. And Hampstead and Highgate, with the country about them, were, as they have been ever since, the favourite resort of the lovers of natural productions. Nay, without repeating what we said in a former number about the Mermaid in Cornhill, the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and other town associations with Shakspeare, the reader who cannot get out of London on his birth-day, and who has the luck to be hard at work in Chancery-lane or the Borough, may be pretty certain that Shakspeare has admired the fields and the May flowers there; for the fields were close to the latter, perhaps came up to the very walls of the theatre; and the suburban mansion and gardens of his friend Lord Southampton occupied the spot now called Southampton-buildings. It was really a country neighbourhood. The Old Bourne (Holborn) ran by with a bridge over it; and Gray's Inn was an Academic bower in the fields.

The dinner does not much signify. The sparest or the most abundant will suit the various fortunes of the great poet; only it will be as well for those who can afford wine, to pledge Falstaff in a cup of "sherris sack," which seems to have been a sort of sherry negus. After dinner Shakspeare's volumes will come well on the table; lying among the dessert like laurels, where there is one, and supplying it where there is not. Instead of songs, the persons present may be called upon for scenes. But no stress need be laid on this proposition, if they do not like to read out aloud. The pleasure of the day should be as much at liberty as possible; and if the company prefer conversation, it will not be very easy for them to touch upon any subject which Shakspeare shall not have touched upon also. If the enthusiasm is in high taste, the ladies should be crowned with violets, which (next to the roses of their lips) seem to have been his favourite flower. After tea should come singing and music,

especially the songs which Arne set from his plays, and the ballad of *Thou soft-flowing Avon*. If an engraving or bust of him could occupy the principal place in the room, it would look like the "present deity" of the occasion; and we have known a very pleasant effect produced by everybody's bringing some quotation applicable to him from his works, and laying it before his image, to be read in the course of the evening.

MAHMOUD

THERE came a man, making his hasty moan
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out—"My sorrow is my right,
And I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night."
"Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing:
I recognise its right, as king with king;
Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"
Exclaim'd the staring man, "and tortures us:
One of thine officers;—he comes, the abhorr'd,
And takes possession of my house, my board,
My bed:—I have two daughters and a wife,
And the wild villain comes, and makes me mad with life."
"Is he there now?" said Mahmoud.—"No;—he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft;
And laugh'd me down the street, because I vow'd
I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.
I'm mad with want—I'm mad with misery,
And oh thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for
thee!"

The Sultan comforted the man, and said,
"Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread,"
(For he was poor) "and other comforts. Go;
And, should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud
know."

In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
And shaken voice, the suitor re-appear'd,
And said, "He's come."—Mahmoud said not a word,
But rose and took four slaves, each with a sword,
And went with the vex'd man. They reach the place,
And hear a voice, and see a woman's face,
That to the window flutter'd in affright:
"Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light;
But tell the females first to leave the room;
And when the drunkard follows them, we come."

The man went in. There was a cry, and hark!
A table falls, the window is struck dark:
Forth rush the breathless women; and behind
With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.
In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody
life.

"Now *light* the light," the Sultan cried aloud.
'Twas done; he took it in his hand, and bow'd
Over the corpse, and look'd upon the face;
Then turn'd, and knelt, and to the throne of grace
Put up a prayer, and from his lips there crept
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the beholders wait,
Then bring him at his call both wine and meat;
And when he had refresh'd his noble heart,
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man amaz'd, all mildness now, and tears,
Fell at the Sultan's feet with many prayers,
And begg'd him to vouchsafe to tell his slave
The reason first of that command he gave
About the light; then, when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down; and, lastly, how it was
That fare so poor as his detain'd him in the place.

The Sultan said, with a benignant eye,
 "Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,
 I could not rid me of a dread, that one
 By whom such daring villanies were done,
 Must be some lord of mine,—aye, e'en, perhaps, a
 son.

Whoe'er he was, I knew my task, but fear'd
 A father's heart, in case the worst appear'd:
 For this I had the light put out; but when
 I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,
 I knelt and thank'd the sovereign Arbitrer,
 Whose work I had perform'd through pain and fear;
 And then I rose and was refresh'd with food,
 The first time since thy voice had marr'd my solitude."

OF STICKS

AMONG other comparative injuries which we are accustomed to do to the characters of things animate and inanimate, in order to gratify our human vanity, such as calling a rascal a dog (which is a great compliment), and saying that a tyrant makes a beast of himself (which it would be a very good thing, and a lift in the world, if he could), is a habit in which some persons indulge themselves, of calling insipid things and persons *sticks*. Such and such a one is said to write a stick; and such another is himself called a stick;—a poor stick, a mere stick, a stick of a fellow.

We protest against this injustice done to those useful and once flourishing sons of a good old stock. Take, for instance, a common cherry stick, which is one of the favourite sort. In the first place, it is a very pleasant substance to look at, the grain running round it in glossy and shadowy rings. Then it is of primæval antiquity, handed down from scion to scion through the most flourishing of genealogical trees. In the third place, it is of Eastern origin; of a stock, which it is possible may have furnished Haroun Al

Raschid with a djereed, or Mahomet with a camel-stick, or Xenophon in his famous retreat with fences, or Xerxes with tent-pins, or Alexander with a javelin, or Sardanapalus with tarts, or Solomon with a simile for his mistress' lips, or Jacob with a crook, or Methusalem with shadow, or Zoroaster with mathematical instruments, or the builders of Babel with scaffolding. Lastly, how do you know but that you may have eaten cherries off this very stick? for it was once alive with sap, and rustling with foliage, and powdered with blossoms, and red and laughing with fruit. Where the leathern tassel now hangs, may have dangled a bunch of berries; and instead of the brass ferule poking in the mud, the tip was growing into the air with its youngest green.

The use of sticks in general is of the very greatest antiquity. It is impossible to conceive a state of society in which boughs should not be plucked from trees for some purpose of utility or amusement. Savages use clubs, hunters require lances, and shepherds their crooks. Then came the sceptre, which is originally nothing but a staff, or a lance, or a crook, distinguished from others. The Greek word for sceptre signifies also a walking-stick. A mace, however plumped up and disguised with gilding and a heavy crown, is only the same thing in the hands of an inferior ruler; and so are all other sticks used in office, from the baton of the Grand Constable of France down to the tipstaff of a constable in Bow-street. As the shepherd's dog is the origin of the gentlest whelp that lies on a hearth-cushion, and of the most pompous barker that jumps about a pair of greys, so the merest stick used by a modern Arcadian, when he is driving his flock to Leadenhall-market with a piece of candle in his hat, and No. 554 on his arm, is the first great parent and original of all authoritative staves, from the beadle's cane wherewith he terrifies charity-boys who eat bull's-eyes in church-time, up to the silver mace of the verger, to the wands of parishes and governors,—the tasselled staff, where-

with the Band-Major so loftily picks out his measured way before the musicians, and which he holds up when they are to cease; to the White Staff of the Lord Treasurer; the court-officer emphatically called the Lord Gold Stick; the Bishop's Crosier (*Pedum Episcopale*), whereby he is supposed to pull back the feet of his straying flock; and the royal and imperial sceptre aforesaid, whose holders, formerly called Shepherds of the people (*Ποιμένες Λαών*), were seditiously said to fleece more than to protect. The Vaulting-Staff, a luxurious instrument of exercise, must have been used in times immemorial for passing streams and rough ground with. It is the ancestor of the staff with which Pilgrims travelled. The Staff and Quarter-Staff of the country Robin Hoods is a remnant of the war-club. So is the Irish Shilelah, which a friend has well defined to be "a stick with too butt-ends." The originals of all these, that are not extant in our own country, may still be seen wherever there are nations uncivilised. The Negro Prince, who asked our countrymen what was said of him in Europe, was surrounded in state with a parcel of ragged fellows with shilelahs over their shoulders—Lord Old Sticks.

But sticks have been great favourites with civilised as well as uncivilised nations; only the former have used them more for help and ornament. The Greeks were a sceptropherous people. Homer probably used a walking-stick because he was blind; but we have it on authority that Socrates did. On his first meeting with Xenophon, which was in a narrow passage, he barred up the way with his stick, and asked him, in his good-natured manner, where provisions were to be had. Xenophon having told him, he asked again, if he knew where virtue and wisdom were to be had; and this reducing the young man to a nonplus, he said, "Follow me, and learn"; which Xenophon did, and became the great man we have all heard of. The fatherly story of Agesilaus, who was caught amusing his little boy with riding on a stick, and asked his

visitor whether he was a father, is too well known for repetition.

There is an illustrious anecdote connected with our subject in Roman history. The highest compliment which his countrymen thought they could pay to the first Scipio, was to call him a walking-stick; for such is the signification of his name. It was given him for the filial zeal with which he used to help his old father about, serving his decrepit age instead of a staff. But the Romans were not remarkable for sentiment. What we hear in general of their sticks, is the thumpings which servants get in their plays; and above all, the famous rods which the lictors carried, and which being actual sticks, must have inflicted horrible dull bruises and malignant stripes. They were pretty things, it must be confessed, to carry before the chief magistrate! just as if the King or the Lord Chancellor were to be preceded by a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Sticks are not at all in such request with modern times as they were. Formerly, we suspect, most of the poorer ranks in England used to carry them, both on account of the prevalence of manly sports, and for security in travelling; for before the invention of posts and mail-coaches, a trip to Scotland or Northumberland was a thing to make a man write his will. As they came to be ornamented, fashion adopted them. The Cavaliers of Charles the First's time were a sticked race, as well as the apostolic divines and puritans, who appear to have carried staves, because they read of them among the patriarchs. Charles the First, when at his trial, held out his stick to forbid the Attorney-General's proceeding. There is an interesting little story connected with a stick, which is related of Andrew Marvell's father, (worthy of such a son,) and which, as it is little known, we will repeat; though it respects the man more than the machine. He had been visited by a young lady, who in spite of a stormy evening persisted in returning across the Humber, because her family would be alarmed at her

absence. The old gentleman, high-hearted and cheerful, after vainly trying to dissuade her from perils which he understood better than she, resolved in his gallantry to bear her company. He accordingly walked with her down to the shore, and getting into the boat, threw his stick to a friend, with a request, in a lively tone of voice, that he would preserve it for a keepsake. He then cried out merrily "Ho-hoy for heaven!" and put off with his visitor. They were drowned.

As commerce increased, exotic sticks grew in request from the Indies. Hence the Bamboe, the Whanghee, the Jambee which makes such a genteel figure under Mr Lilly's auspices in the Tatler; and our light modern cane, which the Sunday stroller buys at sixpence the piece, with a twist of it at the end for a handle. The physicians, till within the last few score of years, retained among other fopperies which they converted into gravities, the wig and gold-headed cane. The latter had been an indispensable sign-royal of fashion, and was turned to infinite purposes of accomplished gesticulation. One of the most courtly personages in the *Rape of the Lock* is

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Sir Richard Steele, as we have before noticed, is reproached by a busy-body of those times for a habit of jerking his stick against the pavement as he walked. When swords were abolished by Act of Parliament, the tavern-boys took to pinking each other, as injuriously as they could well manage, with their walking-sticks. Macklin the player was tried for his life for poking a man's eye out in this way. Perhaps this helped to bring the stick into disrepute; for the use of it seems to have declined more and more, till it is now confined to old men, and a few among the younger. It is unsuitable to our money-getting mode of rushing hither and thither. Instead of pinking a man's ribs or so, or thrusting out his eye

from an excess of the jovial, we break his heart with a bankruptcy.

Canes became so common before the decline of the use of sticks, that whenever a man is beaten with a stick, let it be of what sort it may, it is still common to say that he has had a "caning": which reminds us of an anecdote more agreeable than surprising; though the patient doubtless thought the reverse. A gentleman, who was remarkable for the amenity of his manners, accompanied by a something which a bully might think it safe to presume upon, found himself compelled to address a person who did not know how to "translate his style," in the following words, which were all delivered in the sweetest tone in the world, with an air of almost hushing gentility:—"Sir, I am extremely sorry—to be obliged to say,—that you appear to have a very erroneous notion of the manners that become your situation in life;—and I am compelled with great reluctance, to add," (here he became still softer and more delicate) "that, if you do not think fit, upon reflection, to alter this very extraordinary conduct towards a gentleman, I shall be under the necessity of—caning you." The other treated the thing as a joke; and to the delight of the bystanders, received a very grave drubbing.

There are two eminent threats connected with caning, in the history of Dr Johnson. One was from himself, when he was told that Foote intended to mimic him on the stage. He replied, that if "the dog" ventured to play his tricks with him, he would step out of the stage-box, chastise him before the audience, and then throw himself upon their candour and common sympathy. Foote desisted, as he had good reason to do. The Doctor would have read him a stout lesson, and then made a speech to the audience as forcible; so that the theatrical annals have to regret, that the subject and Foote's shoulders were not afforded him to expatiate upon. It would have been a fine involuntary piece of acting,—the part of Scipio by Dr Johnson.—The other threat was against

the Doctor himself from Macpherson, the compounder of Ossian. It was for denying the authenticity of that work; a provocation the more annoying, inasmuch as he did not seem duly sensible of its merits. Johnson replied to Macpherson's letter by one of contemptuous brevity and pith; and contented himself with carrying about a large stick, with which he intended to repel Macpherson in case of an assault. Had they met, it would have been like "two clouds over the Caspian"; for both were large-built men.

We recollect another bacular Johnsonian anecdote. When he was travelling in Scotland, he lost a huge stick of his in the little treeless island of Mull. Boswell told him he would recover it: but the Doctor shook his head. "No, no," said he; "let anybody in Mull get possession of it, and it will never be restored. Consider, Sir, the value of such a piece of timber here."

The most venerable sticks now surviving are the smooth amber-coloured canes, in the possession of old ladies. They have sometimes a gold head, but oftener a crook of ivory. But they have latterly been much displaced by light umbrellas, the handles of which are imitations of them; and these are gradually retreating before the young parasol, especially about town. The old ladies take the wings of the stage-coaches, and are run away with by John Pullen, in a style of infinite convenience. The other sticks in use are for the most part of cherry, oak, and crab, and seldom adorned with more than a leathern tassel: often with nothing. Bamboo and other canes do not abound, as might be expected from our intercourse with India; but commerce in this as in other respects has overshot its mark. People cannot afford to use sticks, any more than bees could in their hives. Of the common sabbatical cane we have already spoken. There is a sufficing little manual, equally light and lissom, yclept an ebony switch; but we have not seen it often.

That sticks, however, are not to be despised by the leisurely, any one who has known what it is to want

words, or to slice off the head of a thistle, will allow. The utility of the stick seems divisible into three heads: first, to give a general consciousness of power; second, which may be called a part of the first, to help the demeanour; and third, which may be called a part of the second, to assist a man over the gaps of speech—the little awkward intervals, called want of ideas.

Deprive a man of his stick, who is accustomed to carry one, and with what a diminished sense of vigour and gracefulness he issues out of his house! Wanting his stick, he wants himself. His self-possession, like Acres's on the duel-ground, has gone out of his fingers' ends; but restore it him, and how he resumes his energy! If a common walking-stick, he cherishes the top of it with his fingers, putting them out and back again, with a fresh desire to feel it in his palm! How he strikes it against the ground, and feels power come back to his arm! How he makes the pavement ring with the ferule, if in a street; or decapitates the downy thistles aforesaid, if in a field! Then if it be a switch, how firmly he jerks his step at the first infliction of it on the air! How he quivers the point of it as he goes, holding the handle with a straight-dropped arm and a tight grasp! How his foot keeps time to the switches! How he twigs the luckless pieces of lilac or other shrubs, that peep out of a garden railing! And if a sneaking-looking dog is coming by, how he longs to exercise his despotism and his moral sense at once, by giving him an invigorating twinge!

But what would certain men of address do without their cane or switch? There is an undoubted Rhabdosophy, Sceptrosophy, or Wisdom of the Stick, besides the famous Divining Rod, with which people used to discover treasures and fountains. It supplies a man with inaudible remarks, and an inexpressible number of graces. Sometimes, breathing between his teeth, he will twirl the end of it upon his stretched-out toe; and this means, that he has an infinite number of

easy and powerful things to say, if he had a mind. Sometimes he holds it upright between his knees, and tattoos it against his teeth or under-lip, which implies that he meditates coolly. On other occasions he switches the side of his boot with it, which announces elegance in general. Lastly, if he has not a bon-mot ready in answer to one, he has only to thrust his stick at your ribs, and say, "Ah! you rogue!" which sets him above you in an instant, as a sort of patronising wit, who can dispense with the necessity of joking.

At the same time, to give it its due zest in life, a stick has its inconveniences. If you have yellow gloves on, and drop it in the mud, a too hasty recovery is awkward. To have it stick between the stones of a pavement is not pleasant, especially if it snap the ferule off; or more especially if an old gentleman or lady is coming behind you, and after making them start back with winking eyes, it threatens to trip them up. To lose the ferule on a country road, renders the end liable to the growth of a sordid brush, which, not having a knife with you, or a shop in which to borrow one, goes pounding the wet up against your legs. In a crowded street you may have the stick driven into a large pane of glass; upon which an unthinking tradesman, utterly indifferent to a chain of events, issues forth and demands twelve and sixpence.

SHAKING HANDS

Among the first things which we remember noticing in the manners of people, were two errors in the custom of shaking hands. Some we observed, grasped everybody's hand alike,—with an equal fervour of grip. You would have thought that Jenkins was the best friend they had in the world; but on succeeding to the squeeze, though a slight acquaintance, you

found it equally flattering to yourself; and on the appearance of somebody else (whose name, it turned out, the operator had forgotten,) the crush was no less complimentary:—the face was as earnest, and beaming the “glad to see you” as syllabical and sincere, and the shake as close, as long, and as rejoicing, as if the semi-unknown was a friend come home from the Deserts.

On the other hand, there would be a gentleman, now and then, as coy of his hand, as if he were a prude, or had a whitlow. It was in vain that your pretensions did not go beyond the “civil salute” of the ordinary shake; or that being introduced to him in a friendly manner, and expected to shake hands with the rest of the company, you could not in decency omit his. His fingers, half coming out and half retreating, seemed to think that you were going to do them a mischief; and when you got hold of them, the whole shake was on your side; the other hand did but proudly or pensively acquiesce—there was no knowing which; you had to sustain it, as you might a lady’s, in handing her to a seat; and it was an equal perplexity to know whether to shake or to let it go. The one seemed a violence done to the patient, the other an awkward responsibility brought upon yourself. You did not know, all the evening, whether you were not an object of dislike to the person; till, on the party’s breaking up, you saw him behave like an equally ill-used gentleman to all who practised the same unthinking civility.

Both these errors, we think, might as well be avoided; but, of the two, we must say we prefer the former. If it does not look so much like particular sincerity, it looks more like general kindness; and if those two virtues are to be separated (which they assuredly need not be, if considered without spleen), the world can better afford to dispense with an unpleasant truth than a gratuitous humanity. Besides, it is more difficult to make sure of the one than to practise the other, and kindness itself is the best of all

truths. As long as we are sure of that, we are sure of something, and of something pleasant. It is always the best end, if not in every instance the most logical means.

This manual shyness is sometimes attributed to modesty, but never, we suspect, with justice, unless it be that sort of modesty whose fear of committing itself is grounded in pride. Want of address is a better reason; but this particular instance of it would be grounded in the same feeling. It always implies a habit either of pride or mistrust. We have met with two really kind men who evinced this soreness of hand. Neither of them, perhaps, thought himself inferior to anybody about him, and both had good reason to think highly of themselves, but both had been sanguine men contradicted in their early hopes. There was a plot to meet the hand of one of them with a fish-slice, in order to show him the disadvantage to which he put his friends by that flat mode of salutation; but the conspirator had not the courage to do it. Whether he heard of the intention we know not, but shortly afterwards he took very kindly to a shake. The other¹ was the only man of a warm set of politicians, who remained true to his first hopes of mankind. He was impatient at the change in his companions, and at the folly and inattention of the rest; but though his manner became cold, his consistency remained warm, and this gave him a right to be as strange as he pleased.

THE OLD LADY

If the Old Lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks, that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room; and she wears a nice cap

¹ The late Mr Hazlitt.

with a lace border, that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enamelled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet, for fear of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, as she had a fine one when young; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence; in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and, according to the season, an orange or apple, which after many days she draws out, warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well behaved itself. She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round, to look well, and with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants, and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantel-piece are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, all in coloured ware: the man, perhaps, in a pink jacket and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand, and with the other at his breast, turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shepherdess: the woman holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gipsy-hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist, with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes, in order to show the trimness of her ancles. But these patterns, of course, are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little

girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold,—containing ribbons and laces of various kinds; linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners; a heap of pocket-books for a series of years; and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered satin shoes, with enormous heels. The stock of letters are under especial lock and key. So much for the bedroom. In the sitting-room is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or carved arm-chairs equally old, with chintz draperies down to the ground; a folding or other screen, with Chinese figures, their round, little-eyed, meek faces perking sideways; a stuffed bird, perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her); a portrait of her husband over the mantel-piece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat; and opposite him on the wall, is a piece of embroidered literature, framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim, worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below, in their proper colours; the whole concluding with an ABC and numerals, and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be “her work, Jan. 14, 1762.” The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in which are the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the *Turkish Spy*, a *Bible* and *Prayer Book*, *Young's Night Thoughts* with a piece of lace in it to flatten, *Mrs Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart*, *Mrs Glasse's Cookery*, and perhaps *Sir Charles Grandison*, and *Clarissa*. *John Bunce* is in the closet among the pickles and preserves. The clock is on the landing-place between the two room doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly; and the landing-place, as well as the stairs, is carpeted to a nicety. The house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the

windows should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea, and perhaps an early game at cards: or you may see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella running up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog, equally famous for his love to her and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grandchildren dislike him on holidays, and the boldest sometimes ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night, she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash; and her servant in pattens, follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern.

Her opinions are not many nor new. She thinks the clergyman a nice man. The Duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough; but hopes her grandchildren will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery; and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by Sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a walk of a summer's evening, but avoids the new streets, canals, &c., and sometimes goes through the church-yard, where her children and her husband lie buried, serious, but not melancholy. She has had three great epochs in her life:—her marriage—her having been at court, to see the King and Queen and Royal Family—and a compliment on her figure she once received, in passing, from Mr Wilkes, whom she describes as a sad, loose man, but engaging. His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If anything takes her at a distance from home, it is still the court; but she seldom stirs, even for that. The last time but one that she went, was to

see the Duke of Wirtemberg; and most probably for the last time of all, to see the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. From this beatific vision she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the Duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the Princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a transport of mixed loyalty and self-love, a fine royal young creature, and "Daughter of England."

RONDEAU

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kiss'd me.

MY BOOKS¹

SITTING, last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fire-side could afford me; to wit, a table of high-piled books at my back, my writing-desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet; I began to consider how I loved the authors of those books: how I loved them, too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded

¹ This and the following paper was written during the author's residence in Italy. The use of the first person singular instead of plural was involuntary.

me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them. I looked sideways at my *Spenser*, my *Theocritus*, and my *Arabian Nights*; then above them at my Italian poets; then behind me at my *Dryden* and *Pope*, my romances, and my *Boccaccio*; then on my left side at my *Chaucer*, who lay on a writing-desk; and thought how natural it was in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to *Chapman's Homer*. At the same time I wondered how he could sit in that front room of his with nothing but a few unfeeling tables and chairs, or at best a few engravings in trim frames, instead of putting a couple of arm-chairs into the back-room with the books in it, where there is but one window. Would I were there, with both the chairs properly filled, and one or two more besides! "We had talk, Sir,"—the only talk capable of making one forget the books.

I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather. If the wind comes through a passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better disposition of my moveables; if a melancholy thought is importunate, I give another glance at my *Spenser*. When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally. I like to lean my head against them. Living in a southern climate, though in a part sufficiently northern to feel the winter, I was obliged, during that season, to take some of the books out of the study, and hang them up near the fire-place in the sitting-room, which is the only room that has such a convenience. I therefore walled myself in, as well as I could, in the manner above-mentioned. I took a walk every day, to the astonishment of the Genoese, who used to huddle against a bit of sunny wall, like flies on a chimney-piece; but I did this only that I might so much the more enjoy my *English* evening. The fire was a wood fire instead of a coal; but I imagined myself in the country. I remembered at the very worst, that one end of my native land was not nearer the other than England is to Italy.

While writing this article I am in my study again. Like the rooms in all houses in this country which are not hovels, it is handsome and ornamented. On one side it looks towards a garden and the mountains; on another, to the mountains and the sea. What signifies all this? I turn my back upon the sea; I shut up even one of the side windows looking upon the mountains, and retain no prospect but that of the trees. On the right and left of me are book-shelves; a book-case is affectionately open in front of me; and thus kindly inclosed with my books and the green leaves, I write. If all this is too luxurious and effeminate, of all luxuries it is the one that leaves you the most strength. And this is to be said for scholarship in general. It unfits a man for activity, for his bodily part in the world; but it often doubles both the power and the sense of his mental duties; and with much indignation against his body, and more against those who tyrannise over the intellectual claims of mankind, the man of letters, like the magician of old, is prepared "to play the devil" with the great men of this world, in a style that astonishes both the sword and the toga.

I do not like this fine large study. I like elegance. I like room to breathe in, and even walk about, when I want to breathe and walk about. I like a great library next my study; but for the study itself, give me a small snug place, almost entirely walled with books. There should be only one window in it, looking upon trees. Some prefer a place with few, or no books at all—nothing but a chair or a table, like Epictetus; but I should say that these were philosophers, not lovers of books, if I did not recollect that Montaigne was both. He had a study in a round tower, walled as aforesaid. It is true, one forgets one's books while writing—at least they say so. For my part, I think I have them in a sort of sidelong mind's eye; like a second thought, which is none—like a waterfall, or a whispering wind.

I dislike a grand library to study in. I mean an

immense apartment, with books all in Museum order, especially wire-safed. I say nothing against the Museum itself, or public libraries. They are capital places to go to, but not to sit in; and talking of this, I hate to read in public, and in strange company. The jealous silence; the dissatisfied looks of the messengers; the inability to help yourself; the not knowing whether you really ought to trouble the messengers, much less the *gentleman* in black, or brown, who is, perhaps, half a trustee; with a variety of other jarrings between privacy and publicity, prevent one's settling heartily to work. They say "they manage these things better in France"; and I dare say they do; but I think I should feel still more *distrain* in France, in spite of the benevolence of the servitors, and the generous profusion of pen, ink, and paper. I should feel as if I were doing nothing but interchanging amenities with polite writers.

A grand private library, which the master of the house also makes his study, never looks to me like a real place of books, much less of authorship. I cannot take kindly to it. It is certainly not out of envy; for three parts of the books are generally trash, and I can seldom think of the rest and the proprietor together. It reminds me of a fine gentleman, of a collector, of a patron, of Gil Blas and the Marquis of Marialva; of anything but genius and comfort. I have a particular hatred of a round table (not *the* Round Table, for that was a dining one) covered and irradiated with books, and never met with one in the house of a clever man but once. It is the reverse of Montaigne's Round Tower. Instead of bringing the books around you, they all seem turning another way, and eluding your hands.

Conscious of my propriety and comfort in these matters, I take an interest in the book-cases as well as the books of my friends. I long to meddle, and dispose them after my own notions. When they see this confession, they will acknowledge the virtue I have practised. I believe I did mention his book-room to

C. L. and I think he told me that he often sat there when alone. It would be hard not to believe him. His library, though not abounding in Greek or Latin (which are the only things to help some persons to an idea of literature), is anything but superficial. The depth of philosophy and poetry are there, the innermost passages of the human heart. It has some Latin too. It has also a handsome contempt for appearance. It looks like what it is, a selection made at precious intervals from the book-stalls;—now a Chaucer at nine and twopence; now a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Browne at two shillings; now a Jeremy Taylor; a Spinoza; an old English Dramatist, Prior, and Sir Philip Sidney; and the books are “neat as imported.” The very perusal of the backs is a “discipline of humanity.” There Mr Southey takes his place again with an old Radical friend: there Jeremy Collier is at peace with Dryden: there the lion, Martin Luther, lies down with the Quaker lamb, Sewell: there Guzman d’Alfarache thinks himself fit company for Sir Charles Grandison, and has his claims admitted. Even the “high fantastical” Duchess of Newcastle, with her laurel on her head, is received with grave honours, and not the less for declining to trouble herself with the constitutions of her maids. There is an approach to this in the library of W. C. who also includes Italian among his humanities. W. H., I believe, has no books, except mine; but he has Shakespeare and Rousseau by heart. N., who though not a book-man by profession, is fond of those who are, and who loves his volume enough to read it across the fields, has his library in the common sitting-room, which is hospitable. H. R.’s books are all too modern and finely bound, which however is not his fault, for they were left him by will,—not the most kindly act of the testator. Suppose a man were to bequeath us a great japan chest three feet by four, with an injunction that it was always to stand on the tea-table. I remember borrowing a book of H. R. which, having lost, I replaced with a copy equally well bound. I am

not sure I should have been in such haste, even to return the book, had it been a common-looking volume; but the splendour of the loss dazzled me into this ostentatious piece of propriety. I set about restoring it as if I had diminished his fortunes, and waived the privilege a friend has to use a man's things as his own. I may venture upon this ultra-liberal theory, not only because candour compels me to say that I hold it to a greater extent, with Montaigne, but because I have been a meek son in the family of book-losers. I may affirm, upon a moderate calculation, that I have lent and lost in my time, (and I am eight-and-thirty,) half-a-dozen decent-sized libraries,—I mean books enough to fill so many ordinary book-cases. I have never complained; and self-love, as well as gratitude, makes me love those who do not complain of me.

I own I borrow books with as much facility as I lend. I cannot see a work that interests me on another person's shelf, without a wish to carry it off: but, I repeat, that I have been much more sinned against than sinning in the article of non-return; and am scrupulous in the article of intention. I never had a felonious intent upon a book but once; and then I shall only say, it was under circumstances so peculiar, that I cannot but look upon the conscience that induced me to restore it, as having sacrificed the spirit of its very self to the letter; and I have a grudge against it accordingly. Some people are unwilling to lend their books. I have a special grudge against them, particularly those who accompany their unwillingness with uneasy professions to the contrary, and smiles like Sir Fretful Plagiary. The friend who helped to spoil my notions of property, or rather to make them too good for the world "as it goes," taught me also to undervalue my squeamishness in refusing to avail myself of the books of these gentlemen. He showed me how it was doing good to all parties to put an ordinary face on the matter; though I know his own blushed not a little sometimes in doing it, even when the good to be done was for another. I

feel, in truth, that even when anger inclines me to exercise this privilege of philosophy, it is more out of revenge than contempt. I fear that in allowing myself to borrow books, I sometimes make extremes meet in a very sinful manner, and do it out of a refined revenge. It is like eating a miser's beef at him.

I yield to none in my love of bookstall urbanity. I have spent as happy moments over the stalls, as any literary apprentice boy who ought to be moving onwards. But I confess my weakness in liking to see some of my favourite purchases neatly bound. The books I like to have about me most are, Spenser, Chaucer, the minor poems of Milton, the Arabian Nights, Theocritus, Ariosto, and such old good-natured speculations as Plutarch's *Morals*. For most of these I like a plain good old binding, never mind how old, provided it wears well; but my Arabian Nights may be bound in as fine and flowery a style as possible, and I should love an engraving to every dozen pages. Book-prints of all sorts, bad and good, take with me as much as when I was a child: and I think some books, such as Prior's *Poems*, ought always to have portraits of the authors. Prior's airy face with his cap on, is like having his company. From early association, no edition of Milton pleases me so much, as that in which there are pictures of the Devil with brute ears, dressed like a Roman General: nor of Bunyan, as the one containing the print of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with the Devil whispering in Christian's ear, or old Pope by the way side, and

Vanity Fair,
With the Pilgrims suffering there.

I delight in the recollection of the puzzle I used to have with the frontispiece of the *Tale of a Tub*, of my real horror at the sight of that crawling old man representing Avarice, at the beginning of *Enfield's Speaker*, the *Looking-Glass*, or some such book; and even of the careless school-boy hats, and the prim stomachers and cottage bonnets, of such golden-age

antiquities as the *Village School*. The oldest and most worn-out woodcut, representing King Pippin, Goody Two Shoes, or the grim Soldan, sitting with three staring blots for his eyes and mouth, his sceptre in one hand, and his other five fingers raised and spread in admiration at the feats of the Gallant London Prentice, cannot excite in me a feeling of ingratitude. Cooke's edition of the *British Poets* and *Novelists* came out when I was at school: for which reason I never could put up with Suttaby's or Walker's publications, except in the case of such works as the *Fairy Tales*, which Mr Cooke did not publish. Besides, they are too cramped, thick, and mercenary; and the pictures are all frontispieces. They do not come in at the proper places. Cooke realised the old woman's beau ideal of a prayer-book,—“A little book, with a great deal of matter, and a large type”:—for the type was really large for so small a volume. Shall I ever forget his Collins and his Gray, books at once so “superbly ornamented” and so inconceivably cheap? Sixpence could procure much before; but never could it procure so much as then, or was at once so much respected, and so little cared for. His artist Kirk was the best artist, except Stothard, that ever designed for periodical works; and I will venture to add (if his name rightly announces his country) the best artist Scotland ever produced, except Wilkie, but he unfortunately had not enough of his country in him to keep him from dying young. His designs for Milton and the *Arabian Nights*, his female extricated from the water in the *Tales of the Genii*, and his old hag issuing out of the chest of the Merchant Abadah in the same book, are before me now, as vividly as they were then. He possessed elegance and the sense of beauty in no ordinary degree; though they sometimes played a trick or so of foppery. I shall never forget the gratitude with which I received an odd number of Akenside, value sixpence, one of the set of that poet, which a boarder distributed among three or four of us, “with his mother's compliments.” The present might

have been more lavish, but I hardly thought of that. I remember my number. It was the one in which there is a picture of the poet on a sofa, with Cupid coming to him, and the words underneath, "Tempt me no more, insidious Love!" The picture and the number appeared to me equally divine. I cannot help thinking to this day, that it is right and natural in a gentleman to sit in a stage dress, on that particular kind of sofa, though on no other, with that exclusive hat and feathers on his head, telling Cupid to begone with a tragic air.

I love an author the more for having been himself a lover of books. The idea of an ancient library perplexes our sympathy by its map-like volumes, rolled upon cylinders. Our imagination cannot take kindly to a yard of wit, or to thirty inches of moral observation, rolled out like linen in a draper's shop. But we conceive of Plato as of a lover of books; of Aristotle certainly; of Plutarch, Pliny, Horace, Julian, and Marcus Aurelius. Virgil, too, must have been one; and, after a fashion, Martial. May I confess, that the passage which I recollect with the greatest pleasure in Cicero, is where he says that books delight us at home, *and are no impediment abroad*; travel with us, ruralise with us. His period is rounded off to some purpose: "*Delectant domi, non impediunt foris; peregrinantur, rusticantur.*" I am so much of this opinion, that I do not care to be anywhere without having a book or books at hand, and like Dr Orkborne, in the novel of *Camilla*, stuff the coach or post-chaise with them whenever I travel. As books, however, become ancient, the love of them becomes more unequivocal and conspicuous. The ancients had little of what we call learning. They made it. They were also no very eminent buyers of books—they made books for posterity. It is true, that it is not at all necessary to love many books, in order to love them much. The scholar, in Chaucer, who would rather have

At his beddes head

A twenty bokes, clothed, in black and red,

Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robè rich, or fiddle, or psaltrie,—

doubtless beat all our modern collectors in his passion for reading; but books must at least exist, and have acquired an eminence, before their lovers can make themselves known. There must be a possession, also, to perfect the communion; and the mere contact is much, even when our mistress speaks an unknown language. Dante puts Homer, the great ancient, in his *Elysium*, upon trust; but a few years afterwards, *Homer*, the book, made its appearance in Italy, and Petrarch, in a transport, put it upon his book-shelves, where he adored it, like "the unknown God." Petrarch ought to be the god of the bibliomaniacs, for he was a collector and a man of genius, which is a union that does not often happen. He copied out, with his own precious hand, the manuscripts he rescued from time, and then produced others for time to reverence. With his head upon a book he died. Boccaccio, his friend, was another; nor can one look upon the longest and most tiresome works he wrote (for he did write some tiresome ones, in spite of the gaiety of his *Decameron*), without thinking, that in that resuscitation of the world of letters, it must have been natural to a man of genius to add to the existing stock of volumes, at whatsoever price. I always pitch my completest idea of a lover of books, either in these dark ages, as they are called,

(Cui cieco a torto il cieco volgo appella—)

or in the gay town days of Charles II., or a little afterwards. In both times the portrait comes out by the force of contrast. In the first, I imagine an age of iron warfare and energy, with solitary retreats, in which the monk or the hooded scholar walks forth to meditate, his precious volume under his arm. In the other, I have a triumphant example of the power of books and wit to contest the victory with sensual pleasure:—Rochester, staggering home to pen a satire

in the style of Monsieur Boileau; Butler, cramming his jolly duodecimo with all the learning that he laughed at; and a new race of book poets come up, who, in spite of their periwigs and petit-maitres, talk as romantically of "the bays," as if they were priests of Delphos. It was a victorious thing in books to beguile even the old French of their egotism, or at least to share it with them. Nature never pretended to do as much. And here is the difference between the two ages, or between any two ages in which genius and art predominate. In the one, books are loved because they are the records of nature and her energies; in the other, because they are the records of those records, or evidences of the importance of the individuals, and proofs of our descent in the new and imperishable aristocracy. This is the reason why rank (with few exceptions) is so jealous of literature, and loves to appropriate or withhold the honours of it, as if they were so many toys and ribbons, like its own. It has an instinct that the two pretensions are incompatible. When Montaigne (a real lover of books) affected the order of St Michael, and pleased himself with possessing that fugitive little piece of importance, he did it because he would pretend to be above nothing that he really felt, or that was felt by men in general; but at the same time he vindicated his natural superiority over this weakness by praising and loving all higher and lasting things, and by placing his best glory in doing homage to the geniuses that had gone before him. He did not endeavour to think that an immortal renown was a fashion, like that of the cut of his scarf; or that by undervaluing the one, he should go shining down to posterity in the other, perpetual lord of Montaigne and of the ascendant.

There is a period of modern times, at which the love of books appears to have been of a more decided nature than at either of these—I mean the age just before and after the Reformation, or rather all that period when book-writing was confined to the learned languages. Erasmus is the god of it. Bacon, a mighty

book-man, saw, among his other sights, the great advantage of loosening the vernacular tongue, and wrote both Latin and English. I allow this is the greatest closeted age of books; of old scholars sitting in dusty studies; of heaps of "illustrious obscure," rendering themselves more illustrious and more obscure by retreating from the "thorny queaches" of Dutch and German names into the "vacant interlunar caves" of appellations latinised or translated. I think I see all their volumes now, filling the shelves of a dozen German convents. The authors are bearded men, sitting in old woodcuts, in caps and gowns, and their books are dedicated to princes and statesmen, as illustrious as themselves. My old friend Wierus, who wrote a thick book, *De Præstigiis Dæmonum*, was one of them, and had a fancy worthy of his sedentary stomach. I will confess, once for all, that I have a liking for them all. It is my link with the bibliomaniacs, whom I admit into our relationship, because my love is large, and my family pride nothing. But still I take my idea of books read with a gusto, of companions for bed and board, from the two ages before-mentioned. The other is of too book-worm a description. There must be both a judgment and a fervour; a discrimination and a boyish eagerness; and (with all due humility) something of a point of contact between authors worth reading and the reader. How can I take Juvenal into the fields, or Valcarengnius *De Aortæ Aneurismate* to bed with me? How could I expect to walk before the face of nature with the one; to tire my elbow properly with the other, before I put out my candle, and turn round deliciously on the right side? Or how could I stick up Coke upon Littleton against something on the dinner-table, and be divided between a fresh paragraph and a mouthful of salad?

I take our four great English poets to have all been fond of reading. Milton and Chaucer proclaim themselves for hard sitters at books. Spenser's reading is evident by his learning; and if there were nothing

else to show for it in Shakspeare, his retiring to his native town, long before old age, would be a proof of it. It is impossible for a man to live in solitude without such assistance, unless he is a metaphysician or mathematician, or the dullest of mankind; and any country town would be solitude to Shakspeare, after the bustle of a metropolis and a theatre. Doubtless he divided his time between his books, and his bowling-green, and his daughter Susanna. It is pretty certain, also, that he planted, and rode on horseback; and there is evidence of all sorts to make it clear, that he must have occasionally joked with the blacksmith, and stood godfather for his neighbours' children. Chaucer's account of himself must be quoted, for the delight and sympathy of all true readers:—

And as for me, though that I can but lite,
On bookès for to rede I me delite,
And to hem yeve I faith and full credence,
And in mine herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that there is gamè none,
That fro my bookès maketh me to gone,
But it is seldome on the holy daie;
Save certainly whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I hear the foulès sing,
And that the flourès ginnen for to spring.
Farewell my booke and my devociõn.

The Legend of Good Women.

And again, in the second book of his *House of Fame*, where the eagle addresses him:—

Thou wilt make
At night full oft thine head to ake,
And in thy study as thou writest,
And evermore of Love enditest,
In honour of him and his praisings,
And in his folkès furtherings,
And in his matter all devisest,
And not him ne his folke despisest,
Although thou mayst go in the daunse
Of hem, that him list not advance;
Therefore as I said, ywis,
Jupiter considreth well this.



And also, beausire, of other things;
That is, thou hast no tidings
Of Lovè folke, if they be glade,
Ne of nothing else that God made,
And not only fro ferre countree,
But no tidings commen to thee,
Not of thy very neighbouris,
That dwellen almost at thy dores;
Thou hearest neither that ne this,
For whan thy labour all done is,
And hast made all thy rekenings¹,
Instead of rest and of new things,
Thou goest home to thine house anone,
And all so dombe as anie stone,
Thou sittest at another booke,
Till fully dazed is thy looke.

After I think of the 'bookishness of Chaucer and Milton, I always make a great leap to Prior and Fenton. Prior was first noticed, when a boy, by Lord Dorset, sitting in his uncle's tavern, and reading Horace. He describes himself, years after, when Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, as taking the same author with him in the Saturday's chaise, in which he and his mistress used to escape from town cares into the country, to the admiration of Dutch beholders. Fenton was a martyr to contented scholarship (including a sirloin and a bottle of wine), and died among his books, of inactivity. "He rose late," says Johnson, "and when he had risen, sat down to his books and papers." A woman that once waited on him in a lodging, told him, as she said, that he would "lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon." He must have had an enviable liver, if he was happy. I must own (if my conscience would let me), that I should like to lead, half the year, just such a life (woman included, though not that woman), the other half being passed in the fields and woods, with a cottage just big enough to hold us. Dacier and his wife had a pleasant time of it; both fond of books, both scholars, both amiable, both wrapt up in the ancient world, and

¹ Chaucer at this time had an office under the government.

helping one another at their tasks. If they were not happy, matrimony would be a rule even without an exception. Pope does not strike me as being a bookman; he was curious rather than enthusiastic; more nice than wise; he dabbled in modern Latin poetry, which is a bad symptom. Swift was decidedly a reader; the *Tale of a Tub*, in its fashion as well as substance, is the work of a scholarly wit; the *Battle of the Books* is the fancy of a lover of libraries. Addison and Steele were too much given up to Button's and the town. Periodical writing, though its demands seem otherwise, is not favourable to reading; it becomes too much a matter of business, and will either be attended to at the expense of the writer's books, or books, the very admonishers of his industry, will make him idle. Besides, a periodical work, to be suitable to its character, and warrant its regular recurrence, must involve something of a gossiping nature, and proceed upon experiences familiar to the existing community, or at least likely to be received by them in consequence of some previous tinge of inclination. You do not pay weekly visits to your friends to lecture them, whatever good you may do their minds. There will be something compulsory in reading the *Ramblers*, as there is in going to church. Addison and Steele undertook to regulate the minor morals of society, and effected a world of good, with which scholarship had little to do. Gray was a bookman; he wished to be always lying on sofas, reading "eternal new novels of *Crebillon* and *Marivaux*." This is a true hand. The elaborate and scientific look of the rest of his reading was owing to the necessity of employing himself; he had not health and spirits for the literary voluptuousness he desired. Collins, for the same reason, could not employ himself; he was obliged to dream over Arabian tales, to let the light of the supernatural world half in upon his eyes. "He loved," as Johnson says, (in that strain of music, inspired by tenderness,) "fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze

on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens." If Collins had had a better constitution, I do not believe that he would have written his projected work upon the *Restoration of Literature*, fit as he was by scholarship for the task, but he would have been the greatest poet since the days of Milton. If his friend Thomas Warton had had a little more of his delicacy of organisation, the love of books would almost have made him a poet. His edition of the minor poems of Milton is a wilderness of sweets. It is the only one in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation; though I confess I am inclined enough to pardon any notes that resemble it, however numerous. The "builded rhyme" stands at the top of the page, like a fair edifice with all sorts of flowers and fresh waters at its foot. The young poet lives there, served by the nymphs and fauns.

Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades.

* * * * *

Huc ades, o formose puer: tibi lilia plenis
 Ecce ferunt nymphae calathis: tibi candida Nais
 Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,
 Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.

Among the old writers I must not forget Ben Jonson and Donne. Cowley has been already mentioned. His boyish love of books, like all the other inclinations of his early life, stuck to him to the last; which is the greatest reward of virtue. I would mention Izaak Walton, if I had not a grudge against him. His brother fishermen, the divines, were also great fishers of books. I have a grudge against them and their divinity. They talked much of the devil and divine right, and yet forgot what Shakspeare says of the devil's friend Nero, that he is "an angler in the lake of darkness." Selden was called "the walking library of our nation." It is not the pleasantest idea of him; but the library included poetry, and wit, as well as heraldry and the Jewish doctors. His *Table Talk* is equally pithy and pleasant, and truly worthy

of the name, for it implies other speakers. Indeed it was actually what it is called, and treasured up by his friends. Selden wrote complimentary verses to his friends the poets, and a commentary on Drayton's *Polyolbion*. Drayton was himself a reader, addicted to all the luxuries of scholarship. Chapman sat among his books, like an astrologer among his spheres and altitudes.

How pleasant it is to reflect, that all these lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired! How Ovid and Horace exulted in anticipating theirs! And how the world have justified their exultation! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no farther; which generates and yet is not destroyed. Consider: mines themselves are exhausted; cities perish; kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal.

Muoiono le città, muoiono i regni,
E l' uom d' esser mortal par che si sdegni.

Yet this little body of thought, that lies before me in the shape of a book, has existed thousands of years, nor since the invention of the press can anything short of an universal convulsion of nature abolish it. To a shape like this, so small yet so comprehensive, so slight yet so lasting, so insignificant yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning, is enabled to live and warm us for ever. To a shape like this turns the placid sage of Academus: to a shape like this the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spenser, the pungent elegance of Pope, and the volatility of Prior. In one small room, like the compressed spirits of Milton, can be gathered together

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? This is a question which every author who is a lover of books, asks himself some time in his life;

and which must be pardoned, because it cannot be helped. I know not. I cannot exclaim with the poet,

Oh that my name were number'd among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

For my mortal days, few and feeble as the rest of them may be, are of consequence to others. But I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind, when he is no more. At all events, nothing while I live and think, can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die; and perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my overbeating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

PANTOMIMES

HE that says he does not like a pantomime, either says what he does not think, or is not so wise as he fancies himself. He should grow young again, and get wiser. "The child," as the poet says, "is father to the man"; and in this instance, he has a very degenerate offspring. Yes: John Tomkins, aged 35, and not liking pantomimes, is a very unpromising little boy. Consider, Tomkins, you have still a serious regard for pudding, and are ambitious of being thought clever. Well, there is the Clown who will sympathise with you in dumplings; and not to see into the cleverness of Harlequin's quips and metamorphoses, is to want a perception, which other little boys have by nature. Not to like pantomimes, is not to like animal

spirits; it is not to like motion; not to like love; not to like a jest upon dulness and formality; not to smoke one's uncle; not to like to see a thump in the face; not to laugh; not to fancy; not to like a holiday; not to know the pleasure of sitting up at Christmas; not to sympathise with one's children; not to remember that we have been children ourselves; nor that we shall grow old, and be as gouty as Pantaloon, if we are not as wise and as active as they.

Not wishing to be dry on so pleasant a subject, we shall waive the learning that is in us on the origin of these popular entertainments. It will be sufficient to observe, that among the Italians, from whom we borrowed them, they consisted of a run of jokes upon the provincial peculiarities of their countrymen. Harlequin, with his giddy vivacity, was the representative of the inhabitant of one state; Pantaloon, of the imbecile carefulness of another; the clown, of the sensual, macaroni-eating Neapolitan, with his instinct for eschewing danger; and Columbine, Harlequin's mistress, was the type, not indeed of the outward woman (for the young ladies were too restrained in that matter), but of the inner girl of all the lasses in Italy,—the tender fluttering heart,—the little dove (*colombina*), ready to take flight with the first lover, and to pay off old scores with the gout and the jealousy, that had hitherto kept her in durance.

The reader has only to transfer the characters to those of his own countrymen, to have a lively sense of the effect which these national pictures must have had in Italy. Imagine Harlequin a gallant adventurer from some particular part of the land, full of life and fancy, sticking at no obstacles, leaping gates and windows, hitting off a satire at every turn, and converting the very scrapes he gets in, to matters of jest and triumph. The old gentleman that pursues him, is a miser from some manufacturing town, whose ward he has run away with. The Clown is a London cockney, with a prodigious eye to his own comfort and

muffins,—a Lord Mayor's fool, who loved "everything that was good"; and Columbine is the boarding-school girl, ripe for running away with, and making a dance of it all the way from Chelsea to Gretna Green.

Pantomime is the only upholder of comedy, when there is nothing else to show for it. It is the satirist, or caricaturist of the times, ridiculing the rise and fall of hats and funds, the growth of aldermen or of bonnets, the pretences of quackery; and watching innovations of all sorts, lest change be too hasty. But this view of it is for the older boys. For us, who, upon the strength of our sympathy, boast of being among the young ones, its life, its motion, its animal spirits, are the thing. We sit among the shining faces on all sides of us, and fancy ourselves at this moment enjoying it. What whim! what fancy! what eternal movement! The performers are like the blood in one's veins, never still; and the music runs with equal vivacity through the whole spectacle, like the pattern of a watered ribbon.

In comes Harlequin, demi-masked, party-coloured, nimble-toed, lithe, agile; bending himself now this way, now that; bridleing up like a pigeon; tipping out his toe like a dancer; then taking a fantastic skip; then standing ready at all points, and at right angles with his omnipotent lath-sword, the emblem of the converting power of fancy and light-heartedness. Giddy as we think him, he is resolved to show us that his head can bear more giddiness than we fancy; and lo! beginning with it by degrees, he whirls it round into a very spin, with no more remorse than if it were a button. Then he draws his sword, slaps his enemy, who has just come upon him, into a settee; and springing upon him, dashes through the window like a swallow. Let us hope that Columbine and the high road are on the other side, and that he is already a mile on the road to Gretna: for

Here comes Pantaloon, with his stupid servant; not the Clown, but a proper grave blockhead, to keep him in heart with himself. What a hobbling old

rascal it is! How void of any handsome infirmity! His very gout is owing to his having lived upon two-pence farthing. Not finding Harlequin and Columbine, he sends his servant to look in the further part of the house, while he hobbles back to see what has become of that lazy fellow the Clown.

He, the cunning rogue, who has been watching mid-way, and now sees the coast clear, enters in front,—round-faced, goggle-eyed, knock-kneed, but agile to a degree of the dislocated, with a great smear for his mouth, and a cap on his head, half fool's and half cook's. Commend him to the dinner that he sees on table, and that was laid for Harlequin and his mistress. Merry be their hearts: there is a time for all things; and while they dance through a dozen inns to their hearts' content, he will eat a Sussex dumpling or so. Down he sits, contriving a luxurious seat, and inviting himself with as many ceremonies as if he had the whole day before him: but when he once begins, he seems as if he had not a moment to lose. The dumpling vanishes at a cram:—the sausages are abolished:—down go a dozen yards of macaroni: and he is in the act of paying his duties to a gallon of rum, when in come Pantaloon and his servant at opposite doors, both in search of the glutton, both furious, and both resolved to pounce on the rascal headlong. They rush forward accordingly; he slips from between them with a "Hallo, I say"; and the two poor devils dash their heads against one another, like rams. They rebound fainting asunder to the stage-doors: while the Clown, laughing with all his shoulders, nods a health to each, and finishes his draught. He then holds a great cask of a snuff-box to each of their noses, to bring them to; and while they are sneezing and tearing their souls out, jogs off at his leisure.

Ah—here he is again on his road, Harlequin with his lass, fifty miles advanced in an hour, and caring nothing for his pursuers, though they have taken the steam-coach. Now the lovers dine indeed; and having

had no motion to signify, join in a dance. Here Columbine shines as she ought to do. The little slender, but plump rogue! How she winds it hither and thither with her trim waist, and her waxen arms! now with a hand against her side, tripping it with no immodest insolence in a hornpipe; now undulating it in a waltz; or "caracoling" it, as Sir Thomas Urquhart would say, in the saltatory style of the opera;—but always Columbine; always the little dove who is to be protected; something less than the opera-dancer, and greater; more unconscious, yet not so; and ready to stretch her gauze wings for a flight, the moment Riches would tear her from Love.

But these introductions of the characters by themselves do not give a sufficient idea of the great pervading spirit of the pantomime, which is motion; motion for ever, and motion all at once. Mr Jacob Bryant, who saw everything in anything, and needed nothing but the taking a word to pieces to prove that his boots and the constellation Boötes were the same thing, would have recognised in the word Pantomime the Anglo-antediluvian compound, a *Pant-o'-mimes*! that is to say, a set of Mimes or Mimics, all panting together. Or he would have detected the obvious Anglo-Greek meaning of a set of Mimes, expressing *Pan*, or Every-thing, by means of the *Toe*,—*Pan-Toe-Mime*. Be this as it may, Pantomime is certainly a representation of the vital principle of all things, from the dance of the planets down to that of Damon and Phillis. Everything in it keeps moving; there is no more cessation than there is in nature; and though we may endeavour to fix our attention upon one mover or set of movers at a time, we are conscious that all are going on. The Clown, though we do not see him, is jogging somewhere;—Pantaloon and his servant, like Saturn and his ring, are still careering it behind their Mercury and Venus; and when Harlequin and Columbine come in, do we fancy they have been resting behind the scenes? The notion! Look at them: they are evidently in full career: they have

been, as well as are, dancing; and the music, which never ceases whether they are visible or not, tells us as much.

Let readers, of a solemn turn of mistake, disagree with us if they please, provided they are ill-humoured. The erroneous, of a better nature, we are interested in; having known what it is to err like them. These are apt to be mistaken out of modesty (sometimes out of a pardonable vanity in wishing to be esteemed); and in the case before us, they will sin against the natural candour of their hearts by condemning an entertainment which they enjoy, because they think it a mark of sense to do so. Let them know themselves to be wiser than those who are really of that opinion. There is nothing wiser than a cheerful pulse, and all innocent things which tend to keep it so. The crabbedest philosopher that ever lived (if he was a philosopher, and crabbed against his will) would have given thousands to feel as they do; and he would have known, that it redounded to his honour and not to his disgrace, to own it.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and lov'd a royal sport,

And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;

The nobles fill'd the benches, and the ladies in their pride,

And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd:

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,

Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing
jaws;

They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind
went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd on
one another,

Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a
thunderous smother;

The bloody foam above the bars came whisking
through the air;

Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better
here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous
lively dame

With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which alway
seem'd the same;

She thought, the Count my lover is brave as brave
can be;

He surely would do wondrous things to show his
love of me;

King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is
divine;

I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will
be mine.

She dropp'd her glove to prove his love, then look'd
at him and smil'd;

He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions
wild:

The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd
the place,

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the
lady's face.

"By God!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose
from where he sat;

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task
like that."

SPRING

THIS morning as we sat at breakfast, thinking of our present subject, with our eyes fixed on a set of the British Poets, which stand us in stead of a prospect, there came by the window, from a child's voice, a cry of "Wall-flowers." There had just been a shower; sunshine had followed it; and the rain, the sun, the boy's voice, and the flowers, came all so prettily together upon the subject we were thinking of, that in taking one of his roots, we could not help fancying we had received a present from Nature herself,—with a penny for the bearer. There were thirty lumps of buds on this penny root; their beauty was yet to come; but the promise was there,—the new life,—the Spring,—and the rain-drops were on them, as if the sweet goddess had dipped her hand in some fountain, and sprinkled them for us by way of message; as who should say, "April and I are coming."

What a beautiful word is *Spring*! At least one fancies so, knowing the meaning of it, and being used to identify it with so many pleasant things. An Italian might find it harsh; and object to the *Sp* and the terminating consonant; but if he were a proper Italian, a man of fancy, the worthy countryman of Petrarch and Ariosto, we would convince him that the word was an excellent good word, crammed as full of beauty as a bud,—and that *S* had the whistling of the brooks in it, *p* and *r* the force and roughness of whatsoever is animated and picturesque, *ing* the singing of the birds, and the whole word the suddenness and salience of all that is lively, sprouting, and new—Spring, Spring-time, a Spring-green, a Spring of water—to Spring—Springal, a word for a young man, in old (that is, ever new) English poetry, which with many other words has gone out, because the youthfulness of our hearts has gone out,—to come back with

better times, and the nine-hundredth number of the work before us.

If our Italian, being very unlike an Italian, ill-natured and not open to pleasant conviction, should still object to our word, we would grow uncourteous in turn, and swear it was a better word than his *Prima-vera*,—which is what he calls Spring—*Prima-vera*, that is to say, the *first Vera*, or *Ver* of the Latins, the *Veer* (βῆρ Ionice) or *Ear* of the Greeks; and what that means, nobody very well knows. But why *Prima-Vera*? and what is *Seconda*, or second *Vera*? The word is too long and lazy, as well as obscure, compared with our brisk, little, potent, obvious, and leaping *Spring*,—full of all fountains, buds, birds, sweetbriars, and sunbeams.

Leaping, like wanton kids in pleasant spring, says the poet, speaking of the “wood-born people” that flocked about fair Serena. How much better the word *spring* suits here with the word *leaping*, than if it had been *prima-vera*! How much more sudden and starting, like the boundings of the kids! *Prima-vera* is a beautiful word; let us not gainsay it; but it is more suitable to the maturity, than to the very *springing* of *spring*, as its first syllable would pretend. So long and comparatively languid a word ought to belong to that side of the season which is next to summer. *Ver*, the Latin word, is better,—or rather Greek word; for as we have shown before, it comes from the Greek,—like almost every good thing in Latin. It is a pity one does not know what it means; for the Greeks had “good meanings” (as Sir Hugh Evans would say); and their *Ver*, *Feer*, or *Ear*, we may be sure, meant something pleasant,—possibly the rising of the sap; or something connected with the new air; or with love; for etymologists, with their happy facilities, might bring it from the roots of such words. Ben Jonson has made a beautiful name of its adjective (*Earinos*, vernal) for the heroine of his *Sad Shepherd*,—

Earine,

Who had her very being, and her name,
With the first knots, or buddings of the Spring;
Born with the primrose and the violet,
Or earliest roses blown; when Cupid smiled,
And Venus led the Graces out to dance;
And all the flowers and sweets in Nature's lap
Leap'd out.

The lightest thoughts have their roots in gravity, and the most fugitive colours of the world are set off by the mighty back-ground of eternity. One of the greatest pleasures of so light and airy a thing as the vernal season arises from the consciousness that the world is young again; that the spring has come round, that we shall not all cease, and be no world. Nature has begun again, and not begun for nothing. One fancies somehow that she could not have the heart to put a stop to us in April or May. She may pluck away a poor little life here and there; nay, many blossoms of youth,—but not all,—not the whole garden of life. She prunes, but does not destroy. If she did,—if she were in the mind to have done with us,—to look upon us as an experiment not worth going on with, as a set of ungenial and obstinate compounds which refused to co-operate in her sweet designs, and could not be made to answer in the working,—depend upon it she would take pity on our incapability and bad humours, and conveniently quash us in some dismal, sullen winter's day, just at the natural dying of the year, most likely in November; for Christmas is a sort of Spring itself, a winter-flowering. We care nothing for arguments about storms, earthquakes, or other apparently unseasonable interruptions of our pleasures:—we imitate, in that respect the magnanimous indifference, or what appears such, of the Great Mother herself, knowing that she means us the best in the *gross*;—and also that we may all get our remedies for these evils in time, if we co-operate as before said. People in South America for instance, may learn from experience, and *build* so as to make a

comparative nothing of those rockings of the ground. It is of the *gross* itself that we speak; and sure we are, that with an eye to *that*, Nature does not feel as Pope ventures to say she does, or sees "with equal eye"—

Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

He may have flattered himself that he should think it a fine thing for his little poetship to sit upon a star, and look grand in his own eyes, from an eye so very dispassionate; but Nature, who is the author of passion, and joy, and sorrow, does not look upon animate and inanimate, depend upon it, with the same want of sympathy. "A world" full of loves, and hopes, and endeavours, and of her own life and loveliness, is a far greater thing in her eyes, rest assured, than a "bubble"; and, *à fortiori*, many worlds, or a "system," far greater than the "atom" talked of with so much complacency by this divine little whippersnapper. *Ergo*, the moment the kind mother gives promise of a renewed year with these her green and budding signals, be certain she is not going to falsify them; and that being sure of April, we are sure as far as November. As to our existence any further, that, we conceive, depends somewhat upon how we behave ourselves; and therefore we would exhort everybody to do their best for the earth, and all that is upon it, in order that it and they may be thought worth continuance.

What! shall we be put into a beautiful garden, and turn up our noses at it, and call it a "vale of tears," and all sorts of bad names (helping thereby to make it so), and yet confidently reckon that Nature will never shut it up, and have done with it, or set about forming a better stock of inhabitants? Recollect, we beseech you, dear "Lord Worldly Wiseman," and you, "Sir Having," and my lady "Greedy," that there is reason for supposing that man was not always an inhabitant of this very fashionable world, and

somewhat larger globe; and that perhaps the chief occupant before him was only of an inferior species to ourselves (odd as you may think it), who could not be brought to only know what a beautiful place he lived in, and so had another chance given him in a different shape. Good heavens! If there were none but *mere* ladies and gentlemen, and city-men, and soldiers, upon earth, and no poets, readers, and milk-maids, to remind us that there was such a thing as Nature, we really should begin to tremble for Almack's and Change Alley about the 20th of next October!

A WORD ON EARLY RISING

As we are writing this article before breakfast, at an earlier hour than usual, we are inclined to become grand and intolerant on the strength of our virtue, and to look around us and say, "Why is not every body up? How *can* people lie in bed at an hour like this,—'the cool, the fragrant?'"

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake!

Thus exclaimed good-natured, enjoying Thomson, and lay in bed till twelve; after which he strolled into his garden at Richmond, and ate peaches off a tree, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets! Browsing! A perfect specimen of a poetical elephant or rhinoceros! Thomson, however, left an immortal book behind him, which excused his trespasses. What excuse shall mortality bring for hastening its end by lying in bed, and anticipating the grave? for of all apparently innocent habits lying in bed is perhaps the worst; while on the other hand, amidst all the different habits through which people have attained to a long life, it is said that in this one respect, and this only, they have all *agreed*! No very long-lived man has been a late riser. Judge Holt is said to have been curious respecting longevity, and to have questioned every

very old man that came before him, as to his modes of living; and in the matter of early rising there was no variation: every one of them got up betimes. One lived chiefly upon meat, another upon vegetables; one drank no fermented liquors, another did drink them; a fifth took care not to expose himself to the weather, another took no such care; but every one of them was an early riser. All made their appearance at Nature's earliest levee, and she was pleased that they hailed her as soon as she waked, and that they valued her fresh air, and valued her skies, and her birds, and her balmy quiet; or if they thought little of this, she was pleased that they took the first step in life, every day, calculated to make them happiest and most healthy; and so she laid her hands upon their heads, and pronounced them good old boys, and enabled them to run about at wonderful ages, while their poor senior juniors were tumbling in down and gout.

A most pleasant hour it is certainly,—when you are once up. The birds are singing in the trees; everything else is noiseless, except the air, which comes sweeping every now and then through the sunshine, hindering the coming day from being hot. We feel it on our face, as we write. At a distance, far off, a dog occasionally barks; and some huge fly is loud upon the window-pane. It is sweet to drink in at one's ears these innocent sounds, and this very sense of silence, and to say to one's self, "We are up;—we are up, and are doing well;—the beautiful creation is not unseen and unheard for want of *us*." Oh, it's a prodigious moment when the vanity and the virtue can go together. We shall not say how early we write this article, lest we should appear immodest, and excite envy and despair. Neither shall we mention how often we thus get up, or the hour at which we generally rise,—leaving our readers to hope the best of us; in return for which we will try to be as little exalted this morning as the sense of advantage over our neighbours will permit, and *not* despise them—a great stretch for an uncommon sense of merit. There

for instance is C.;—hard at it, we would swear; as fast asleep as a church:—of what value are his books now, and his subtleties, and his speculations? as dead, poor man! as if they never existed. What proof is there of an immortal soul in that face with its eyes shut, and its mouth open, and not a word to say for itself, any more than the dog's?—And W. there;—what signifies his love for his children and his garden, neither of which he is now alive to, though the child-like birds are calling him, hopping amidst their songs; and his breakfast would have twice the relish?—And the L.'s with *their* garden and their music?—the orchard has all the music to itself; they will not arise to join it, though Nature manifestly intends concerts to be of a morning as well as evening, and the animal Spirits are the first that are up in the universe.

Then the streets and squares. Very much do we fear, that, for want of a proper education in these thoughts, the milkman, instead of despising all these shut-up windows, and the sleeping incapables inside, envies them for the riches that keep injuring their diaphragms and digestions, and that will render their breakfast not half so good as his. "Call you these gentle-folks?" said a new maid-servant, in a family of our acquaintance, "why, they get up early in the morning!—Only make *me* a lady, and see if I wouldn't lie a-bed."

Seriously speaking, we believe that there is not a wholesomer thing than early rising, or one which, if persevered in for a very little while, would make a greater difference in the sensations of those who suffer from most causes of ill-health, particularly the besetting disease of these sedentary times, indigestion. We believe it would supersede the supposed necessity of a great deal of nauseous and pernicious medicine, that pretended friend, and ultimately certain foe, of all impatient stomachs. Its utility in other respects everybody acknowledges, though few profit by it as they might. Nothing renders a man so completely

master of the day before him; so gets rid of arrears, anticipates the necessity of haste, and insures leisure. Sir Walter Scott is said to have written all his greatest works before breakfast; he thus also procured time for being one of the most social of friends, and kind and attentive of correspondents. One sometimes regrets that experience passes into the shape of proverbs, since those who make use of them are apt to have no other knowledge, and thus procure for them a worldly character of the lowest order. Franklin did them no good, in this respect, by crowding them together in "Poor Richard's Almanack"; and Cervantes intimated the common-place abuse into which they were turning, by putting them into the mouth of Sancho Panza. Swift completed the ruin of some of them, in this country, by mingling them with the slip-slop of his "Polite Conversation,"—a Tory libel on the talk of the upper ranks, to which nothing comparable is to be found in the Whig or Radical objections of modern times. Yet, for the most part, proverbs are equally true and generous; and there is as much profit for others as for a man's self in believing that "Early to bed and early to rise, will make a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise"; for the voluntary early riser is seldom one who is insensible to the beauty as well as the uses of the spring of day; and in becoming healthy and wise, as well as rich, he becomes good-humoured and considerate, and is disposed to make a handsome use of the wealth he acquires. Mere saving and sparing (which is the ugliest way to wealth) permits a man to lie in bed as long as most other people, especially in winter, when he saves fire by it; but a gallant acquisition should be as stirring in this respect, as it is in others, and thus render its riches a comfort to it, instead of a means of unhealthy care, and a preparation for disappointment. How many rich men do we not see jaundiced and worn, not with necessary care but superfluous, and secretly cursing their riches, as if it were the fault of the money itself, and not of the bad management of their health? These poor,

unhappy, rich people, come at length to hug their money out of a sort of spleen and envy at the luckier and less miserable poverty that wants it, and thus lead the lives of dogs in the manger, and are almost tempted to hang themselves: whereas, if they could purify the current of their blood a little, which, perhaps, they might do by early rising alone, without a penny for physic, they might find themselves growing more patient, more cheerful, more liberal, and be astonished and delighted at receiving the praises of the community for their public spirit, and their patronage of noble institutions. Oh, if we could but get half London up at an earlier hour; how they, and our colleges and universities, and royal academies, &c., would all take a start together; and how the quack advertisements in the newspapers would diminish!

But we must not pretend, meanwhile, to be more virtuous ourselves than frail teachers are apt to be. The truth is, that lying in bed is so injurious to our particular state of health, that we are early risers in self-defence; and we were not always such; so that we are qualified to speak to both sides of the question. And as to our present article, it is owing to a relapse! and we fear is a very dull one in consequence; for we are obliged to begin it earlier than usual, in consequence of being late. We shall conclude it with the sprightliest testimony we can call to mind in favour of early rising, which is that of James the First, the royal poet of Scotland, a worthy disciple of Chaucer, who, when he was kept in unjust captivity during his youth by Henry the Fourth, fell in love with his future excellent queen, in consequence of seeing her through his prison windows walking in a garden at break of day, as Palamoni and Arcite did Emilia; which caused him to exclaim, in words that might be often quoted by others out of gratitude to the same hour, though on a different occasion,

My custom was to rise
Early as day. Oh happy exercise,
By thee I came to joy out of torment!

See the "King's Quair," the poem he wrote about it. We quote from memory, but we believe with correctness.

THE EAST-WIND

DID anybody ever hear of the East-Wind when he was a boy? We remember no such thing. We never heard a word about it, all the time we were at school. There was the schoolmaster with his *ferula*, but there was no East-Wind. Our elders might have talked about it, but such calamities of theirs are inaudible in the ears of the juvenile. A fine day was a fine day, let the wind be in what quarter it might. While writing this article, we hear everybody complaining, that the fine weather is polluted by the presence of the East-Wind. It has lasted so long as to force itself upon people's attention. The ladies confess their exasperation with it, for making free without being agreeable; and as ladies' quarrels are to be taken up, and there is no other way of grappling with this invisible enemy, we have put ourselves in a state of Editorial resentment, and have resolved to write an article against it.

The winds are among the most mysterious of the operations of the elements. We know not whence they come, or whither they go,—how they spring up, or how fall,—why they prevail so long, after such and such a fashion, in certain quarters; nor, above all, why some of them should be at once so lasting and apparently so pernicious. We know some of their uses; but there is a great deal about them we do not know, and it is difficult to put them to the question. As the sailor said of the ghosts, "we do not understand their tackle." What is very curious is, there seems to be one of them which prevails in some particular quarter, and has a character for malignity. In the South there is the *Scirocco*, an ugly customer,

dark, close, suffocating, making melancholy; which blots the sky, and dejects the spirits of the most lively. In the Oriental parts of the Earth, there is the Tifoon, supposed by some to be the Typhon, or Evil Principle of the ancients; and in Europe we have the East-Wind, whom the ancients reckoned among the Sons of Typhon. The winds, Mr Keightley tells us, were divided by the Greeks into "*wholesome and noxious*; the former of which, Boreas (North-Wind), Zephyrus (West-Wind), and Notus (South-Wind), were, according to Hesiod, the children of Astræus (*Starry*) and Eos (*Dawn*). The other winds, he says (probably meaning only those who blow from the East), are the race of Typhoëus, whom he describes as the last and most terrible child of Earth. In Greece, as over the rest of Europe, the East-Wind was pernicious."

In England, the East-Wind is accounted pernicious if it last long; and it is calculated, we believe, that it blows during three parts even of our fine weather. We have known a single blast of it blight a long row of plants in a greenhouse. Its effects upon the vegetable creation are sure to be visible if it last any time; and it puts invalids into a very unpleasant state, by drying the pores of the skin, and thus giving activity to those numerous internal disorders, of which none are more painful than what the moderns call nervousness, and our fathers understood by the name of the Vapours or the "Spleen," which, as Shenstone observed, is often little else than obstructed perspiration. An irritable poet exclaimed—

Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime, except the baleful East
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk'd
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene:
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change?

This terrible question we shall answer presently. Meantime, the suffering poet may be allowed to have

been a little irritated. It is certainly provoking to have this invisible enemy invading a whole nation at his will, and sending among us, for weeks together, his impertinent and cutting influence, drying up our skins, blowing dust in our eyes, contradicting our sunshine, smoking our suburbs, behaving boisterously to our women, aggravating our scolds, withering up our old gentlemen and ladies, nullifying the respite from smoke at Bow, perplexing our rooms between hot and cold, closing up our windows, exasperating our rheumatisms, basely treating the wounds of our old soldiers, spoiling our gardens, preventing our voyages, assisting thereby our Bow-street runners, hurting our tempers, increasing our melancholies, deteriorating our night-airs, showing our wives' ankles, disordering our little children, not being good for our beasts, perplexing our pantaloons (to know which to put on), deranging our ringlets, scarifying our eyes, thinning our apple-tarts, endangering our dances, getting damned our weathercocks, barbarizing our creditors, incapacitating our debtors, obstructing all moist processes in the arts, hindering our astronomers¹, tiring our editors, and endangering our sales.

The poet asks what crimes could have brought upon us the evils of our climate? He should ask the school-boy that runs about, the gipsy who laughs at the climate, or the ghost of some old English yeoman, before taxes and sedentary living abounded. An East-Wind, like every other evil, except folly and ill intention, is found, when properly grappled with, to be not only no evil, but a good, at least a negative one, sometimes a positive; and even folly and ill intention are but the mistakes of a community in its progress from bad to good. How evil comes at all, we cannot say. It suffices us to believe, that it is in its nature fugitive; and that it is the nature of good, when good returns, to outlast it beyond all calculation. If we led the natural lives to which we hope and believe that the

¹ During East-Winds astronomers are unable to pursue their observations, on account of a certain hazy motion in the air.

advance of knowledge and comfort will bring us round, we should feel the East-Wind as little as the gipsies do: it would be the same refreshment to us that it is to the glowing school-boy, after his exercise; and as to nipping our fruits and flowers, some living creature makes a dish of them, if we do not. With these considerations, we should be well content to recognise the *concordia discors* that harmonizes the inanimate creation. If it were not for the East-Wind in this country, we should probably have too much wet. Our winters would not dry up; our June fields would be unpassable: we should not be able to enjoy the West-Wind itself, the Zephyr with his lap full of flowers. And upon the supposition that there is no peril in the East-Wind that may not ultimately be nullified, we need not trouble ourselves with the question, why the danger of excessive moisture must be counteracted by a wind full of dryness. All the excesses of the elements will one day be pastime, for the healthy arms and discerning faculties of discovering man.

And so we finish our vituperations in the way in which such things ought generally to be finished, with a discovery that the fault objected to is in ourselves, and renewed admiration of the abundance of promise in all the works of nature.

STRAWBERRIES

WRITTEN IN JUNE

IF our article on this subject should be worth little (especially as we are obliged to be brief, and cannot bring to our assistance much quotation or other helps) we beg leave to say, that we mean to do little more in it than congratulate the reader on the strawberry-season, and imply those pleasant interchanges of conventional sympathy, which give rise to the common expressions about the weather or the state of the harvest,—

things which everybody knows what everybody else will say about them, and yet upon which everybody speaks. Such a charm has sympathy, even in its commonest aspect.

A.—A fine day to-day.

B.—Very fine day.

A.—But I think we shall have rain.

B.—I think we shall.

And so the two speakers part, all the better pleased with one another merely for having uttered a few words, and those words such as either of them could have reckoned upon beforehand, and has interchanged a thousand times. And justly are they pleased. They are fellow-creatures living in the same world, and all its phases are of importance to them, and themselves to one another. The meaning of the words is—"I feel as you do"—or "I am interested in the same subject, and it is a pleasure to me to let you see it." What a pity that mankind do not vent the same feelings of good-will and a mutual understanding on fifty other subjects! And many do;—but all might; and as Bentham says, "with how little trouble!"

There is *strawberry weather*, for instance, which is as good a point of the weather to talk about, as rain, or sun. If the phrase seems a little forced, it is perhaps not so much as it seems; for the weather, and fruit, and colour, and the birds, &c. &c., all hang together; and for our parts, we would fain think, and can easily believe, that without this special degree of heat (while we are writing), or mixture of heat and fresh air, the strawberries would not have their special degree of colour and fragrance. The world answers to the spirit that plays upon it, as musical instruments to musician; and if cloud, sunshine, and breeze (the fine playing of nature) did not descend upon earth precisely as they do at this moment, there is good reason to conclude, that neither fruit, nor anything else, would be precisely what it is. The cuckoo would want tone, and the strawberries relish.

Do you not like, reader, the *pottle* of strawberries?

And is it not manifest, from old habit and association, that no other sort of basket would do as well for their first arrival? It "carries" well: it lies on your arm like a length of freshness; then there is the slight paper covering, the slighter rush tie, the inner covering of leaves; and when all these give place, fresh, and fragrant, and red lie the berries,—the best, it is to be feared, at the top. Now and then comes a half-mashed one, sweet in its over-ripeness; and when the fingers cannot conveniently descend further, the rest, urged by a beat on the flat end, are poured out on a plate; and perhaps agreeably surprise us with the amount.—Meantime the fingers and nails have got coloured as with wine.

What matter of fact is this! And how everybody knows it! And yet for that very reason, it is welcome; like the antiquities about the weather. So abundant is Nature in supplying us with entertainment, even by means of simply stating that anything *is* what it *is*! Paint a strawberry in oil, and provided the representation be true, how willing is everybody to like it! And observe, even in a smaller matter, how Nature heaps our resources one upon another,—first giving us the thing, then the representation of it, or power of painting it, (for art is nature also,) then the power of writing about it, the power of thinking, the power of giving, of receiving, and fifty others. Nobles put the leaves in their coronets. Poets make them grow for ever, where they are no longer to be found. We never pass by Ely-place, in Holborn, without seeing the street there converted into a garden, and the pavement to rows of strawberries.

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them—

quoeth Richard the Third to the Bishop, in that scene of frightful calmness and smooth-speaking, which precedes his burst of thunder against Hastings. Richard is gone with his bad passions, and the garden is gone;

but the tyrant is converted into poetry, and the strawberries also; and here we have them both, equally harmless.

Sir John Suckling, in his richly-coloured portrait of a beautiful girl, in the tragedy of *Brennoralt*, has made their dying leaves precious:—

Eyes full and quick,
With breath as sweet as double violets,
And wholesome as dying leaves of strawberries.

Strawberries deserve all the good things that can be said of them. They are beautiful to look at, delicious to eat, have a fine odour, and are so wholesome, that they are said to agree with the weakest digestions, and to be excellent against gout, fever, and all sorts of ailments. It is recorded of Fontenelle that he attributed his longevity to them, in consequence of their having regularly cooled a fever which he had every spring; and that he used to say, "If I can but reach the season of strawberries!" Boerhaave (Mr Phillips tells us in his 'History of Fruits,') looked upon their continued use as one of the principal remedies in cases of obstruction and viscosity, and in putrid disorders: Hoffman furnished instances of obstinate disorders cured by them, even consumptions; and Linnæus says that by eating plentifully of them, he kept himself free from the gout. They are good even for the teeth.

A fruit so very useful and delightful deserves a better name; though the old one is now so identified with its beauty, that it would be a pity to get rid of it. Nobody thinks of *straw*, when uttering the word strawberry, but only of colour, fragrance and sweetness. The Italian name is *Fragola*,—fragrant. The English one originated in the custom of putting straw between the fruit and the ground, to keep it dry and clean; or perhaps, as Mr Phillips thinks, from a still older practice among children, of threading the wild berries upon straws of grass. He says, that this is still a custom in parts of England where they abound, and

that so many "straws of berries" are sold for a penny.

One of the most luxurious of simple dishes is *strawberries and cream*. The very sound of the words seems to set one's page floating like a bowl. But there is an Italian poet, who has written a whole poem upon strawberries, and who, with all his love of them, will not hear of them without sugar. He invokes them before him in all their beauty, which he acknowledges with enthusiasm, and then tells them, like some capricious sultan, that he does not choose to see their faces. They must hide them, he says:—put on their veils,—to wit, of sugar. "Strawberries and sugar" are to him what "sack and sugar" was to Falstaff, the indispensable companions, the sovereign remedy for all evil—the climax of good. He finds fault with Molière's "Imaginary sick Man" for not hating them; since, if he had eaten them, they would have cured his hypochondria. As to himself, he talks of them as Fontenelle would have talked, had he written Italian verse:—

For my part, I confess I fairly swill
And stuff myself with strawberries: and abuse
The doctors all the while, draught, powder, and pill,
And wonder how any sane head can choose
To have their nauseous jalaps, and their bill,
All which, like so much poison, I refuse.
Give me a glut of strawberries: and lo!
Sweet through my blood, and very bones, they go.

Almost all the writers of Italy who have been worth anything, have been writers of verse at one time or another.—Prose-writers, historians, philosophers, doctors of law and medicine, clergymen,—all have contributed their quota to the sweet art. The poet of the strawberries was a Jesuit, a very honest man too, notwithstanding the odium upon his order's name, and a grave, eloquent, and truly christian theologian, of a life recorded as "evangelical." It is delightful to see what playfulness such a man thought not inconsistent with the most sacred aspirations.

The strawberry to him had its merits in the creation, as well as the star; and he knew how to give each its due.* Nay, he runs the joke down, like a humourist who could do nothing else but joke if he pleased, but gracefully withal, and with a sense of Nature above his Art, like a true lover of poetry. His poem is in two cantos, and contains upwards of nine hundred lines, ending in the following bridal climax, which the good Jesuit seems to have considered the highest one possible, and the very cream even of strawberries and sugar. He has been apostrophising two young friends of his, newly married, of the celebrated Venetian families Mocenigo and Loredano, and this is the blessing with which he concludes, pleasantly smiling at the end of his gravity:—

Around this loving pair may joy serene
On wings of balm for ever wind and play;
And laughing Health her roses shake between,
Making their life one long, sweet, flowery way;
May bliss, true bliss, pure, self-possess'd of mien,
Be absent from their side, no, not a day;
In short, to sum up all that earth can prize,
May they have sugar to their strawberries.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

WORDSWORTH AND MILTON

"It is allowed on all hands, now, that there are no sonnets in any language comparable with Wordsworth's. Even Milton must yield the palm. He has written but about a dozen or so, Wordsworth some hundreds—and though nothing can surpass 'the inspired grandeur of that on the Piedmontese Massacre, the tenderness of those on his Blindness and on his Deceased Wife, the grave dignity of that to a Young Lady, or the cheerful and Attic grace of those to Lawrence and Cyriac Skinner,' as is finely said by the writer of an article in the 'Edinburgh Review' on Glassford's 'Lyrical Translations,' yet *many* of Wordsworth's equal even these—and the long and splendid array of his sonnets—deploying before us in series after series—astonishes us by the proof it affords of the inexhaustible riches of his imaginative genius and his moral wisdom. One series on the river Duddon—two series dedicated to Liberty—three series on our Ecclesiastical History—miscellaneous sonnets in multitudes—and those last poured forth as clear, and bright, and strong, as the first that issued from the sacred spring!"—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Most true is this. Wordsworth's untired exuberance is indeed astonishing; though it becomes a little less so, when we consider that his genius has been fortunate in a long life of leisure, his opinions not having rendered it necessary to him to fight with difficulties, and daily cares, and hostile ascendancies, as Milton's did,

Exposed to daily fraud, contempt, and wrong,
With darkness and with dangers compass'd round.

In that condition sate the great blind epic poet; and after having performed an active as well as contemplative part for his earthly sojourn, still combined action with contemplation in a mighty narrative, and built

the adamantine gates of another world. In no invidious regard for one great poet against another do we say it; but in justice to fame itself, and in the sincerest reverence of admiration for both. With the exception of Shakspeare (who included everybody), Wordsworth has proved himself the greatest contemplative poet this country has produced. His facility is wonderful. He never wants the fittest words for the finest thoughts. He can express, at will, those innumerable shades of feeling which most other writers, not unworthy too, in their degree, of the name of poets, either dismiss at once as inexpressible, or find so difficult of embodiment, as to be content with shaping them forth but seldom, and reposing from their labours. And rhyme, instead of a hindrance, appears to be a positive help. It serves to concentrate his thoughts and make them closer and more precious. Milton did not pour forth sonnets in this manner—poems in hundreds of little channels,—all solid and fluent gold. No; but he was venting himself, instead, in “Paradise Lost.” “Paradise Lost,” if the two poets are to be compared, is the set-off against Wordsworth’s achievement in sonnet-writing. There is the “Excursion,” to be sure; but the “Excursion” is made up of the same purely contemplative matter. It is a long-drawn song of the nightingale; as the sonnets are its briefer warbles. There is no eagle-flight in the “Excursion”; no sustainment of a mighty action; no enormous hero, bearing on his wings the weight of a lost eternity, and holding on, nevertheless, undismayed,—firm-visaged through faltering chaos,—the combatant of all chance and all power,—a vision that, if he could be seen now, would be seen in the sky like a comet, remaining, though speeding,—visible for long nights, though rapidly voyaging,—a sight for a universe,—an actor on the stage of infinity. There is no such robust and majestic work as this in Wordsworth. Compared with Milton he is but as a dreamer on the grass, though a divine one; and worthy to be compared as a younger, a more fluent-speeched, but less potent

brother, whose business it is to talk and think, and gather together his flocks of sonnets like sheep (beauteous as clouds in heaven), while the other is abroad, more actively moving in the world, with contemplations that take the shape of events. There are many points of resemblance between Wordsworth and Milton. They are both serious men; both in earnest; both maintainers of the dignity of poetry in life and doctrine; and both are liable to some objections on the score of sectarianism, and narrow theological views. But Milton widened these as he grew old; and Wordsworth, assisted by the advancing light of the times, (for the greatest minds are seldom as great as the whole instinctive mind of society,) cannot help conceding or qualifying certain views of his own, though timidly, and with fear of a certain few, such as Milton never feared. Milton, however, was never weak in his creed, whatever it was; he forced it into width enough to embrace all place and time, future as well as present. Wordsworth would fain dwindle down the possibilities of heaven and earth within the views of a Church-of-England establishment. And he is almost entirely a retrospective poet. The vast future frightens him, and he would fain believe that it is to exist only in a past shape, and that shape something very like one of the smallest of the present, with a vestry for the golden church of the New Jerusalem, and beadles for the "limitary cherubs." Now we hope and believe, that the very best of the past will merge into the future,—how long before it be superseded by a still better, we cannot say. And we own that we can conceive of nothing better than some things which already exist, in venerable as well as lovely shapes. But how shall we pretend to limit the vast flood of coming events, or have such little faith in nature, providence, and the enlightened co-operation of humanity, as to suppose that it will not adjust itself in the noblest and best manner? In this respect, and in some others, Mr Wordsworth's poetry wants universality. He calls upon us to sympathise with his churches and his

country flowers, and his blisses of solitude; and he calls well; but he wants one of the best parts of persuasion; he is not reciprocal; he does not sufficiently sympathise with our towns and our blisses of society, and our reformatations of churches (the consequences, after all, of his own. What would he not have said, by the by, in behalf of popery, had he lived before a Reformation!) And it may be said of him, as Johnson said of Milton's "Allegro" and "Penseroso," that "no mirth indeed can be found in his melancholy," but it is to be feared there is always "some melancholy in his mirth." His muse invites us to the treasures of his retirement in beautiful, noble, and inexhaustible language; but she does it, after all, rather like a teacher than a persuader, and fails in impressing upon us the last and best argument, that she herself is happy. Happy she must be, it is true, in many senses; for she is happy in the sense of power, happy in the sense of a good intention, happy in fame, in words, in the consciousness of immortal poetry; yet there she is, after all, not quite persuasive,—more rich in the means than in the ends,—with something of a puritan austerity upon her,—more stately than satisfactory,—wanting in animal spirits, in perfect and hearty sympathy with our pleasures, and her own. A vaporous melancholy hangs over his most beautiful landscapes. He seems always girding himself up for his pilgrimage of joy, rather than enjoying it; and his announcements are in a tone too exemplary and didactic. We admire him; we venerate him; we would fain agree with him: but we feel something wanting on his own part towards the largeness and healthiness of other men's wider experience; and we resent, for his sake as well as ours, that he should insist upon squaring all which is to come in the interminable future, with the visions that bound a college cap. We feel that it will hurt the effect of his genius with posterity, and make the most admiring of his readers, in the third and fourth generation, lament over his narrowness. In short, his poetry is the sunset to the English church,—beautiful

as the real sunset "with evening beam," gorgeous, melancholy, retrospective, giving a new and divine light to the lowliest flowers, and setting the pinnacles of the churches golden in the heavens. Yet nothing but a sunset and a retrospection it is. A new and great day is coming,—diviner still, we believe,—larger, more universal, more equable, showing (manifestly) the heavens more just, and making mankind more truly religious, because more cheerful and grateful.

The editor of "Blackwood" justly prides himself on having appreciated this noble poet from the first; but it is a pity, we think, that he looks back in anger upon those whose literary educations were less fortunate;—who had been brought up in schools of a different taste, and who showed, after all, a natural strength of taste singularly honourable to them, in being able to appreciate real poetry at last, even in quarters to which the editor himself, we believe, has never yet done justice, though no man could do it better. For Wilson's prose (and we could not express our admiration of it more highly) might stretch forth its thick and rich territory by the side of Keats's poetry, like a land of congenial exuberance,—a forest tempest-tost indeed, compared with those still valleys and enchanted gardens, but set in the same identical region of the remote, the luxuriant, the mythological,—governed by a more wilful and scornful spirit, but such as hates only from an inverted principle of the loving, impatient of want of sympathy, and incapable, in the last resort, of denying the beautiful wheresoever existing, because thereby it would deny the divine part of itself. Why should Christopher North revert to the errors of his critical brethren in past times, seeing that they are all now agreed, and that every one of them perhaps has something to forgive himself in his old judgments (ourselves assuredly not excepted,—if we may be allowed to name ourselves among them)? Men got angry from political differences, and were not in a temper to give dispassionate poetical judgments. And yet Wordsworth had some of his greatest

praises from his severest political opponents (Hazlitt, for instance); and out of the former Scotch school of criticism, which was a French one, or that of Pope and Boileau, came the first hearty acknowledgment of the merits of Keats, for whom we were delighted the other day to find that an enthusiastic admiration is retained by the chief of that school (Jeffrey), whose natural taste has long had the rare honour of triumphing over his educational one, and who ought, we think, now that he is a Lord of Session, to follow, at his leisure moments, the example set him by the most accomplished of all national benches of judicature, and give us a book that should beat, nevertheless, all the Kameses and Woodhouselees before him; as it assuredly would.

TWELFTH NIGHT

A STREET PORTRAIT. SHAKSPEARE'S PLAY. RECOLLECTIONS OF A TWELFTH NIGHT

CHRISTMAS goes out in fine style,—with Twelfth Night. It is a finish worthy of the time. Christmas Day was the morning of the season; New Year's Day the middle of it, or noon; Twelfth Night is the night, brilliant with innumerable planets of Twelfth-cakes. The whole island keeps court; nay, all Christendom. All the world are kings and queens. Everybody is somebody else; and learns at once to laugh at, and to tolerate, characters different from his own, by enacting them. Cakes, characters, forfeits, lights, theatres, merry rooms, little holiday-faces, and, last not least, the painted sugar on the cakes, so bad to eat but so fine to look at, useful because it is perfectly useless except for a sight and a moral,—all conspire to throw a giddy splendour over the last night of the season, and to send it to bed in pomp and colours, like a Prince.

And not the least good thing in Twelfth Night is, that we see it coming for days beforehand, in the cakes that garnish the shops. We are among those who do not "like a surprise," except in dramas (and not too much of it even there, nor unprepared with expectation). We like to know of the good things intended for us. It adds the pleasure of hope to that of possession. Thus we eat our Twelfth-cake many times in imagination, before it comes. Every pastry-cook's shop we pass, flashes it upon us.

Coming *Twelfth-cakes* cast their shadows before; if shadows they can be called, which shade have none; so full of colour are they, as if Titian had invented them. Even the little ragged boys, who stand at those shops by the hour, admiring the heaven within, and are destined to have none of it, get, perhaps, from imagination alone, a stronger taste of the beatitude, than many a richly-fed palate, which is at the mercy of some particular missing relish,—some touch of spice or citron, or a "leetle more" egg.

We believe we have told a story of one of those urchins before, but it will bear repetition, especially as a strong relish of it has come upon us, and we are tempted to relate it at greater length. There is nothing very wonderful or epigrammatic in it, but it has to do with the beatific visions of the pastry-shops. Our hero was one of those equivocal animal-spirits of the streets, who come whistling along, you know not whether thief or errand-boy, sometimes with bundle and sometimes not, in corduroys, a jacket, and a cap or bit of hat, with hair sticking through a hole in it. His vivacity gets him into scrapes in the street, and he is not ultra-studious of civility in his answers. If the man he runs against is not very big, he gives him abuse for abuse at once; if otherwise, he gets at a convenient distance, and then halloos out, "Eh, stupid!" or "Can't you see before you?" or "Go, and get your face washed." This last is a favourite saying of his, out of an instinct referable to his own

visage. He sings "Hokee-pokee" and a "Shiny Night," varied occasionally with an uproarious "Rise, gentle Moon," or "Coming through the Rye." On winter evenings, you may hear him indulging himself, as he goes along, in a singular undulation of howl;—a sort of gargle,—as if a wolf were practising the rudiments of a shake. This he delights to do more particularly in a crowded thoroughfare, as though determined that his noise should triumph over every other, and show how jolly he is, and how independent of the ties to good behaviour. If the street is a quiet one, and he has a stick in his hand (perhaps a hoop-stick), he accompanies the howl with a run upon the gamut of the iron rails. He is the nightingale of mud and cold. If he gets on in life, he will be a pot-boy. At present, as we said before, we hardly know what he is; but his mother thinks herself lucky if he is not transported.

Well; one of these elves of the pavè—perplexers of Lord Mayors, and irritators of the police—was standing one evening before a pastry-cook's shop-window, flattening his nose against the glass, and watching the movements of a school-boy who was in the happy agony of selecting the best bun. He had stood there ten minutes before the boy came in, and had made himself acquainted with all the eatables lying before him, and wondered at the slowness, and apparent indifference, of jaws masticating tarts. His interest, great before, is now intense. He follows the new-comer's eye and hand, hither and thither. His own arm feels like the other's arm. He shifts the expression of his mouth and the shrug of his body, at every perilous approximation which the chooser makes to a second-rate bun. He is like a bowler following the nice inflections of the bias; for he wishes him nothing but success; the occasion is too great for envy; he feels all the generous sympathy of a knight of old, when he saw another within an ace of winning some glorious prize, and his arm doubtful of the blow.

At length the awful decision is made, and the bun laid hands on.

"Yah! you fool," exclaims the watcher, bursting with all the despair and indignation of knowing boyhood, "you have *left the biggest!*"

Twelfth-cake and its king and queen are in honour of the crowned heads who are said to have brought presents to Jesus in his cradle—a piece of royal service not necessary to be believed in by good Christians, though very proper to be maintained among the gratuitous decorations with which good and poetical hearts willingly garnish their faith. "The Magi, or Wise Men, are vulgarly called (says a note in Brand's 'Popular Antiquities,' quarto edition by Ellis, p. 19) the three kings of Collen (Cologne). The first, named Melchior, an aged man with a long beard, offered gold; the second, Jasper, a beardless youth, offered frankincense; the third, Balthaser, a black or Moor, with a large spreading beard, offered myrrh." This picture is full of colour, and has often been painted. The word Epiphany (Επιφάνεια, *superapparitio*, an appearance from above), alludes to the star which is described in the Bible as guiding the Wise Men. In Italy, the word has been corrupted into Beffania, or Beffana, (as in England it used to be called, Piffany); and Beffana, in some parts of that country, has come to mean an old fairy, or Mother Bunch, whose figure is carried about the streets, and who rewards or punishes children at night by putting sweetmeats, or stones and dirt, into a stocking hung up for the purpose near the bed's head. The word *Beffa*, taken from this, familiarly means a trick or mockery put upon any one:—to such base uses may come the most splendid terms! Twelfth Day, like the other old festivals of the church of old, has had a link of connexion found for it with Pagan customs, and has been traced to the Saturnalia of the ancients, when people drew lots for imaginary kingdoms. Its observation is still kept up, with more or less ceremony, all over Christendom. In Paris, they enjoy it with their

usual vivacity. The king there is chosen, not by drawing a paper as with us, but by the lot of a bean which falls to him, and which is put into the cake; and great ceremony is observed when the king or the queen "drink"; which once gave rise to a jest, that occasioned the damnation of a play of Voltaire's. The play was performed at this season, and a queen in it having to die by poison, a wag exclaimed with Twelfth Night solemnity, when her Majesty was about to take it, "The queen drinks." The joke was infectious; and the play died, as well as the poor queen.

Many a pleasant Twelfth Night have we passed in our time; and such future Twelfth Nights as may remain to us shall be pleasant, God and good-will permitting: for even if care should be round about them, we have no notion of missing these mountain-tops of rest and brightness, on which people may refresh themselves during the stormiest parts of life's voyage. Most assuredly will we look forward to them, and stop there when we arrive, as though we had not to begin buffeting again the next day. No joy or consolation that heaven or earth affords us will we ungratefully pass by; but prove, by our acceptance and relish of it, that it is what it is said to be, and that we deserve to have it. "The child is father to the man"; and a very foolish-grown boy he is, and unworthy of his sire, if he is not man enough to know when to be like him. What! shall he go and sulk in a corner, because life is not just what he would have it? Or shall he discover that his dignity will not bear the shaking of holiday merriment, being too fragile and likely to tumble to pieces? Or lastly, shall he take himself for too good and perfect a person to come within the chance of contamination from a little ultra life and Wassail-bowl, and render it necessary to have the famous question thrown at his stately and stupid head—

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

This passage is in "Twelfth Night," the last play (be it never forgotten)¹ which Shakspeare is understood to have written, and which shows how in his beautiful and universal mind the belief in love, friendship and joy, and all good things, survived his knowledge of all evil,—affording us an everlasting argument against the conclusions of minor men of the world, and enabling the meanest of us to dare to avow the same faith.

Here is another lecture to false and unseasonable notions of gravity, in the same play,—

I protest (quoth the affected steward Malvolio) I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies.

Oh (says the Lady Olivia), you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets.

This is the play in which are those beautiful passages about music, love, friendship, &c., which have as much of the morning of life in them as any that the great poet ever wrote, and are painted with as rosy and wet a pencil:—

If music be the food of love, &c.

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek, &c.

I hate ingratitude more in a man,
says the refined and exquisite Viola,

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

¹ This opinion of Malone's has been ably set aside by Mr Knight. The spirit of the Shakspearian wisdom still however remains.

And again,

In nature there's no blemish, but the mind
[that is to say, the faults of the mind;]

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.

The play of "Twelfth Night," with proper good taste, is generally performed, at the theatres, *on* Twelfth Night. There is little or nothing belonging to the occasion in it, except a set of merry-makers who carouse all night, and sing songs enough to "draw three souls out of one weaver." It is evident that Shakspeare was at a loss for a title to his play, for he has called it, "Twelfth Night, or *What You Will*"; but the nocturnal revels reminded him of the anniversary which, being the player and humourist that he was, and accustomed, doubtless, to many a good sitting-up, appears to have stood forth prominently among his recollections of the year. So that it is probable he kept up his Twelfth Night to the last:—assuredly he kept up his merry and romantic characters, his Sir Tobies and his Violas. And, keeping up his stage faith so *well*, he must needs have kept up his home faith. He could not have done it otherwise. He would invite his Stratford friends to "king and queen," and, however he might have looked in face, would still have felt young in heart towards the budding daughters of his visitors, the possible Violas perhaps of some love-story of their own, and not more innocent in "the last recesses of the mind" than himself.

We spent a Twelfth Night once, which, by common consent of the parties concerned, was afterwards known by the name of *the* Twelfth Night. It was doubted among us, not merely whether ourselves, but whether anybody else, ever *had* such a Twelfth Night;—

For never since created *cake*,
Met such untiring force, as named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry,
Which goes to bed *betimes*.

The evening began with such tea as is worth mention, for we never knew anybody make it like the maker. Dr Johnson would have given it his placidest growl of approbation. Then, with piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, came Handel, Corelli, and Mozart. Then followed the drawing for king and queen, in order that the "small infantry" might have their due share of the night, without sitting up *too too-late* (for a reasonable "too-late" is to be allowed once and away). Then games, of all the received kinds, forgetting no branch of Christmas customs. And very good extempore blank verse was spoken by some of the court (for our characters imitated a court), not unworthy of the wit and dignity of Tom Thumb. Then came supper, and all characters were soon forgotten but the feasters' own; good and lively souls, and festive all, both male and female,—with a constellation of the brightest eyes that we had ever seen met together. This fact was so striking, that a burst of delighted assent broke forth, when Moore's charming verses were struck up,—

To ladies' eyes a round, boys,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse;
For bright eyes so abound, boys,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.

The bright eyes, the beauty, the good humour, the wine, the wit, the poetry (for we had celebrated wits and poets among us, as well as charming women), fused all hearts together in one unceasing round of fancy and laughter, till *breakfast*,—to which we adjourned in a room full of books, the authors of which might almost have been waked up and embodied, to come among us. Here, with the bright eyes literally as bright as ever at six o'clock in the morning (we all remarked it), we merged one glorious day into another, as a good omen (for it was also fine weather, though in January); and as luck and our good faith would have it, the door was no sooner opened to let forth the ever-joyous visitors, than the trumpets of a regi-

ment quartered in the neighbourhood struck up into the morning air, seeming to blow forth triumphant approbation, and as if they sounded purely to do us honour, and to say, "You are as early and untired as we."

We do not recommend such nights to be "resolved on," much less to be made a system of regular occurrence. They should flow out of the impulse, as this did; for there was no intention of sitting up so late. But so genuine was that night, and so true a recollection of pleasure did it leave upon the minds of all who shared it, that it has helped to stamp a seal of selectness upon the house in which it was passed, and which, for the encouragement of good-fellowship and of humble aspirations towards *tree-planting*, we are here incited to point out; for by the same token the writer of these papers planted some plane-trees within the rails by the garden-gate (selecting the plane in honour of the Genius of Domesticity, to which it was sacred among the Greeks); and anybody who does not disdain to look at a modest tenement for the sake of the happy hours that have been spent in it, may know it by those trees, as he passes along the row of houses called York Buildings, in the New Road, Marylebone. A man may pique himself without vanity upon having planted a tree; and, humble as our performance has been that way, we confess we are glad of it, and have often looked at the result with pleasure. The reader would smile, perhaps sigh (but a pleasure would or should be at the bottom of his sigh), if he knew what consolation we had experienced in some very trying seasons, merely from seeing those trees growing up, and affording shade and shelter to passengers, as well as a bit of leafiness to the possessor of the house. *Every one should plant a tree who can.* It is one of the cheapest¹, as well as easiest, of all tasks: and if a man cannot reckon upon enjoying the shade much himself (which is the

¹ Young trees from nursery-grounds are very cheap, and cost less than flowers.

reason why trees are not planted everywhere), it is surely worth while to bequeath so pleasant and useful a memorial of himself to others. They are green foot-steps of our existence, which show that we have not lived in vain.

"Dig a well, plant a tree, write a book, and go to heaven," says the Arabian proverb. We cannot exactly dig a well. The parish authorities would not employ us. Besides, wells are not so much wanted in England as in Arabia, nor books either; otherwise we should be two-thirds on our road to heaven already. But trees are wanted, and ought to be wished for, almost everywhere; especially amidst the hard brick and mortar of towns; so that we may claim at least one-third of the way, having planted more than one tree in our time; and if our books cannot wing our flight much higher (for they never pretended to be anything greater than birds singing among the trees), we have other merits, thank Heaven, than our own to go upon; and shall endeavour to piece out our frail and most imperfect ladder, with all the good things we can love and admire in God's creation.

POETS' HOUSES

A PAPER in Mr Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature" upon "Literary Residences," is very amusing and curious; but it begins with a mistake in saying that "men of genius have usually been condemned to compose their finest works, which are usually their earliest ones, under the roof of a garret"; and the author seems to think, that few have realized the sort of house they wished to live in. The combination of "genius and a garret" is an old joke, but little more. Genius has been often poor enough, but seldom so much so as to want what are looked upon as the decencies of life. In point of abode, in particular, we take it to have been generally lucky as to the fact, and

not at all so grand in the desire as Mr Disraeli seems to imagine. Ariosto, who raised such fine structures in his poetry, was asked indeed how he came to have no greater one when he built a house for himself; and he answered, that "palaces are easier built with words than stones." It was a pleasant answer, and fit for the interrogator; but Ariosto valued himself much upon the snug little abode which he did build, as may be seen by the inscription still remaining upon it at Ferrara; and we will venture to say for the cordial, tranquillity-loving poet, that he would rather live in such a house as that, and amuse himself with building palaces in his poetry, than have undergone the fatigue, and drawn upon himself the publicity, of erecting a princely mansion, full of gold and marble. No mansion which he could have built would have equalled what he could fancy; and poets love nests from which they can take their flights—not worlds of wood and stone to strut in, and give them a sensation. If so, they would have set their wits to get rich, and live accordingly; which none of them ever did yet,—at any rate, not the greatest. Ariosto notoriously neglected his "fortunes"—in that sense of the word. Shakspeare had the felicity of building a house for himself, and settling in his native town; but though the best *in* it, it was nothing equal to the "seats" outside of it (where the richer men of the district lived); and it appears to have been a "modest mansion," not bigger, for instance, than a good-sized house in Red Lion-street, or some other old quarter in the metropolis. Suppose he had set *his* great wits to rise in the state and accumulate money, like Lionel Cranfield, for example, or Thomas Cromwell, the blacksmith's son. We know that any man who chooses to begin systematically with a penny, under circumstances at all favourable, may end with thousands. Suppose Shakspeare had done it; he might have built a house like a mountain. But he did not,—it will be said,—because he was a poet, and poets are not getters of money. Well; and for the same

reason, poets do not care for the mightiest things which money can get. It cannot get them health, and freedom, and a life in the green fields, and mansions in fairy-land; and they prefer those, and a modest visible lodging.

Chaucer had a great large house to live in,—a castle,—because he was connected with royalty; but he does not delight to talk of such places: he is all for the garden, and the daisied fields, and a bower like a “pretty parlour.” His mind was too big for a great house; which challenges measurement with its inmates, and is generally equal to them. He felt elbow-room, and heart-room, only out in God’s air, or in the heart itself, or in the bowers built by Nature, and reminding him of the greatness of her love.

Spenser lived at one time in a castle,—in Ireland,—a piece of forfeited property, given him for political services; and he lived to repent it: for it was burnt in civil warfare, and his poor child burnt with it; and the poet was driven back to England, broken-hearted. But look at the houses he describes in his poems,—even he who was bred in a court, and loved pomp, after his fashion. He bestows the great ones upon princes and allegorical personages, who live in state and have many servants, (for the largest houses, after all, are but collections of small ones, and of unfitting neighbourhoods too); but his nests, his poetic bowers, his *deliciæ* and *amœnitates*, he keeps for his hermits and his favourite nymphs, and his flowers of courtesy; and observe how he delights to repeat the word “little,” when describing them. His travellers come to “little valleys,” in which, through the tree-tops, comes reeking up a “little smoke,” (a “chearefull signe,” quoth the poet,) and

To *little* cots in which the shepherds lie;

and though all his little cots are not happy, yet he is ever happiest when describing them, should they be so, and showing in what sort of contentment his mind delighted finally to rest.

A *little* lowly heritage it was
 Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pass
 In travel to and fro. A *little* wide
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,
 Wherein the hermit dewly wont to say
 His holy things each morn and eventide;
 Thereby a crystall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountain wellèd forth alway.

Arrived there, the *little* house they fill,
 Nor look for entertainment where none was;
 Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.

Milton, who built the Pandemonium, and filled it
 with

A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
 was content if he could but get a "garden-house" to
 live in, as it was called in his time; that is to say, a
 small house in the suburbs, with a bit of garden to it.
 He required nothing but a tree or two about him, to
 give him "airs of Paradise." His biographer shows
 us, that he made a point of having a residence of this
 kind. He lived as near as he could to the wood-side
 and the fields, like his fellow-patriot, M. Beranger,
 who would have been the Andrew Marvell of those
 times, and adorned his great friend as the other did,
 or like his Mirth (l'Allegro) visiting his Melancholy.

And hear beloved Cowley, quiet and pleasant as
 the sound in his trees:—"I never had any other desire
 so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one
 which I have had always,—that I might be master at
 last of a *small* house and *large* garden, with very
 moderate conveniences joined to them, and there
 dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture
 of them, and study of nature; and there, with no
 design beyond my wall,

whole and entire to lie,
 In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.
The Garden.

"I confess," says he, in another essay (on Greatness), "I love littleness almost in all things,—a little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if ever I were to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it), it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty."

(What charming writing!—how charming *as* writing, as well as thinking! and charming in both respects, because it possesses the only real perfection of either,—truth of feeling).

Cowley, to be sure, got such a house as he wanted "at last," and was not so happy in it as he expected to be; but then it was because he did only get it "*at last*," when he was growing old, and was in bad health. Neither might he have ever been so happy in such a place as he supposed (blest are the poets, surely, in enjoying happiness even in imagination!) yet he would have been less comfortable in a house less to his taste.

Dryden lived in a house in Gerrard-street (then almost a suburb), looking, at the back, into the gardens of Leicester House, the mansion of the Sidneys. Pope had a nest at Twickenham, much smaller than the fine house since built upon the site; and Thomson another at Richmond, consisting only of the ground-floor of the present house. Everybody knows what a rural house Cowper lived in. Shenstone's was but a farm adorned, and his bad health unfortunately hindered *him* from enjoying it. He married a house and grounds, poor man! instead of a wife; which was being very "one-sided" in his poetry—and he found them more expensive than Miss Dolman would have been. He had better have taken poor Maria first, and got a few domestic cares of a handsome sort, to keep him alive and moving. Most of the living poets are dwellers in cottages, except Mr Rogers, who is rich, and has a mansion, looking on one of the parks; but there it *does* look—upon grass and trees. He will have as much nature with his art as he can get.

Next to a cottage of the most comfortable order, we should prefer, for our parts, if we must have servants and a household, one of those good old mansions of the Tudor age, or some such place, which looks like a sort of cottage-palace, and is full of old corners, old seats in the windows, and old memories. The servants, in such a case, would probably have grown old in one's family, and become friends; and this makes a great difference in the possible comfort of a great house. It gives it old family warmth.

NOTES

p. 1. St Giles's. St Giles's-in-the-Fields.

p. 2. The Globe. Erected by Burbage in 1599. Octagonal in shape, it is described by Shakespeare in *Hen. V.* (Opening Chorus, l. 13) as "this wooden O."

He lived near it. According to Alleyn, Shakespeare at the time lived "near the Bear Garden in Southwark."

Fletcher and Massinger. Collaborators after the death of Beaumont. Fletcher was buried in St Saviour's in 1625, and Massinger, fourteen years later, was interred in the same grave.

Gower. John Gower (*d.* 1408), buried in St Saviour's, formerly called St Mary Overies.

Inn in the Borough. The Tabard, so called from its sign, the tabard being a herald's sleeveless coat. According to Speght, the first editor of Chaucer in 1598, the Tabard still flourished in his day, "newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much encreased, for the receipt of many guests."

Spenser. The poet was the son of an East Smithfield cloth-maker who had migrated from Burnley, Lancashire.

p. 3. Mermaid Tavern. In Bread Street, near Milton's birth-place.

In an epistle. From the *Letter to Ben Jonson*.

p. 4. Aubrey. John Aubrey, the antiquary (1626—97). His *Minutes of Lives* was largely used by Anthony à Wood in his *Athenae Oxonienses*.

Christ's Hospital. The "Blue-Coat School," founded by Edward VI in 1553 on the site of the Greyfriars' Monastery. The school was almost entirely destroyed by the Fire of London and was rebuilt by Wren. In 1897 it was removed to Horsham.

Sir Francis. Sir F. Burdett (1770—1844), M.P. for Westminster, 1807—1837.

Isabella. Daughter of Philip the Fair of France: married Ed. II 1308 and plotted his death in 1327.

She-wolf of France. Gray's *The Bard*, l. 57. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, l. 4. III.

p. 5. Camden. William Camden, historian and antiquary (1551—1623), head-master of Westminster, author of *Britannia*, 1586, *Remains concerning Britain*, 1605, etc.

Sir Fulke Greville. First Baron Brooke (1554—1628). His *Life of Sidney* was published in 1652. "Friend of Sir Philip Sidney" is his epitaph in Westminster Abbey.

The sleepless boy. "The sleepless soul that perished in his pride." Wordsworth's *Resolution and Independence*, St. VII.

Walpole. A reference to Horace Walpole's treatment of Chat-terton. At first he was imposed upon by the Rowley poems and afterwards treated the poet with scant courtesy.

Lord Bacon. Bacon was a bencher of Gray's Inn (1586). "Lord Bacon" is a popular error for Lord Verulam.

Thurlow. Edward Thurlow, Lord Chancellor 1778. "No man," said Fox, "ever was so wise as Thurlow looked." His conversational powers are attested by Johnson who declared, "I would prepare myself for no man in England but Lord Thurlow. When I am to meet him, I should wish to know a day before." The story goes that Thurlow promised to help his fellow-apprentice when he gained the woolsack, but the promise was unfulfilled while the prediction came true.

First English tragedy. Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton produced *Gorboduc*, the first English tragedy in blank verse, in 1561. Sackville is the precursor of Spenser by reason of his *Induction to a Mirror for Magistrates* 1563, "uniting the school of Chaucer and Lydgate to the Faery Queen" (Hallam).

The celebrated theatre. Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, 1661.

Betterton. Thomas Betterton (1635?—1710), the leading post-Restoration actor.

Davenant. Sir William Davenant (1606—68). Author of *Gondibert*, and an important name in the history of the drama. Davenant opened Drury Lane Theatre in 1658, and is chiefly responsible for introducing movable scenery and actresses to the English stage. He was, according to tradition, the godson of Shakespeare, and he succeeded Ben Jonson in the laureateship.

p. 6. Richardson. Samuel Richardson, the novelist (1689—1761).

Lilly's. Charles Lilly, a perfumer, who acted as an agent for the sale of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*.

Beggar's Opera. Gay's fulfilment of Swift's suggestion of a "Newgate pastoral." It was produced in 1728 with a success that made Gay rich and Rich (the manager) gay.

Button's. Daniel Button, a former servant of Addison, who started a famous coffee-house in Covent Garden. It was a favourite haunt of Addison and his friends, and was the receiving office for the *Guardian*.

Hummums. The cant name for a band of Georgian "hooligans," and subsequently the name of various coffee-houses.

The tavern where Dryden. Will's Coffee-house in Russell Street. This was Dryden's chief resort, and Addison was also a patron until he withdrew to Button's in 1712.

Butler. Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras* (1612—80), died in Rose Street and was buried in St Paul's, Covent Garden.

Peter Pindar. The pseudonym of Dr John Wolcott, the satirist (1738—1819).

Miss Linwood. Mary Linwood (1755—1845), musical composer and famous needlewoman. She exhibited a show of pictures wrought in needlework.

Newton lived. No. 1, St Martin's Street (now No. 35) was at one time occupied by Newton. In 1774 Dr Burney lived in it, and Newton's old observatory became the study of the authoress of *Evelina*. (See *The House in St Martin's Street*, by Miss Constance Hill.)

Isaac Bickerstaff. Steele's pseudonym as editor of *The Tatler*. The name was first used by Swift in his attacks on Partridge, the astrologer, and is said to have been borrowed from a locksmith's sign.

p. 7. The accomplished nobleman. Henry Richard Vassall Fox, third Baron Holland (1773—1840), nephew of Charles James Fox.

Handel. Georg Friedrich Händel (b. 1685) came to London in 1710 and nearly the whole of the rest of his life was spent in England. He died in Brook Street (now No. 25) in 1759.

Boar's-head. The old tavern in Eastcheap was destroyed in the Fire of 1666 and was rebuilt two years later. It was finally demolished in 1831, and the stone sign bearing the date 1668 was placed in the Guildhall Library.

College of Physicians. Founded by Linacre in 1518. Its first meeting-place was in Knight-riding Street, then in Amen Corner, and after the Fire in Warwick Lane. In 1825 it was removed to Pall Mall East.

Garth's Dispensary. Sir Samuel Garth (1661—1718), physician-in-ordinary to George I. The *Dispensary* is a satire on the apothecaries who opposed the giving of medicine gratis to the sick poor.

p. 8. Gay. *Trivia: or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, a poem in three books by John Gay, 1715.

p. 9. Prioress. Chaucer's *Prologue*, l. 125.

p. 10. A delightful performance. Cf. Lamb's opinion, "It would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianise every discordant angry passion."

p. 11. Subdued to what it worked in. Shakespeare, *Sonnets* CXI.

Oh flesh, etc. *Romeo and Juliet* II. 4. 41.

Charles Cotton. Poet and translator (1630—87), contributed to the fourth edition of *The Complete Angler* (1676), the so-called second part or "Instructions how to Angle for Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream." Cotton's famous translation of Montaigne appeared in 1685.

Not confined to fishing. Cotton had a varied career. At one time he was a captain in the army in Ireland, and he is the reputed author of *The Complete Gamester* (1674).

p. 12. Chiefly in divinity. A reference to Walton's friendship with clerical dignitaries and to his *Lives* of eminent divines.

p. 13. The best thing to be said. Leigh Hunt in this essay puts himself within the scope of Isaac's prefatory repudiation, "If thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge."

p. 14. Threepiled hyperboles. *Love's Labour's Lost* v. 2. 407. Threepiled denotes superfine velvet—hence its metaphorical application.

Falstaff. *Henry IV*, Pt. I. *passim*.

An old schoolfellow. The reference is probably to Lamb's friend, James White, who was at Christ's Hospital with him and was famed for his impersonation of Falstaff. He wrote in 1796 *Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff and his Friends*.

p. 16. Butler's Remains. The *Genuine Remains in Prose and Verse* were not published until 1759.

Marvell. Marvell's *Character of Holland* was written in 1672: Butler did not die until 1680.

p. 18. Sesostris. An Egyptian king famous in legend for his conquests. His identity is disputed, and his is regarded by some as a mythical name attached to the combined exploits of Sethos I and Rameses II.

Southern beam. An allusion to Cleopatra's Greek descent.

p. 21. Anacharsis. A Scythian prince who visited Athens in the time of Solon, and was slain on his return to his own country lest he should introduce the cult of the Greek mysteries.

p. 22. About the same period. King Ælfred died in 901; Haroun in 809.

Chaucer's Knight. *Prologue*, l. 65.

Mandevile. The authorship of the book of travels ascribed to Sir John Mandeville is uncertain. The book was a compilation (c. 1370), and the name of the author is probably a pseudonym.

Marco Polo. The famous Venetian traveller (1254—1324). There are some eighty MSS. of his travels, in French, Latin and Italian, which he originally dictated to a fellow-prisoner in Genoa in 1298.

Rubruquis. William de Rubruquis, a Franciscan friar, was a famous French traveller of the thirteenth century. His precise dates are unknown, but he was living at the time of Marco Polo's return from the East in 1293.

Prester John. A mythical medieval Eastern sovereign. He was ultimately identified with the King of Abyssinia. "Prester John" has been explained as a corruption of *Belue Gian*=precious stone, still further corrupted to "Presbyter John." Marco Polo identifies him with Ung Khán, king of the Nestorian tribe of Kerait.

Great Mogul. Baber (Zehir-Eddin Mohammed) the first Great Mogul of India, 1483—1530.

Great Cham. Cham is another form of Khan. Tartary in the Middle Ages was a vague geographical term for Central Asia and Eastern Europe.

p. 23. **Syene.** At the first cataract on the Nile.

Meroe. Between Bérber and Khartoum.

Bocchus. King of Mauretania.

Black-moor sea. The Mediterranean where it washes the coast of Mauretania.

Chersonese. The Malay peninsula.

Taprobane. Ceylon.

Thomson. Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, St. 30.

Philip Quarll's Island. The hero of *The Hermit, or The Unparalleled Adventures of Philip Quarll*, an imitation of *Robinson Crusoe*, 1727.

p. 24. **So was it when my life began.** From Wordsworth's "My Heart Leaps Up."

The Herald Mercury. From Leigh Hunt's *Foliage: Poems, Original and Selected*, 1818.

p. 25. "Blessings," exclaimed **Sancho**. *Don Quixote*, Ch. LXVIII.

p. 26. **The black at your elbow.** Negro slaves (or servants) were common in London until the end of the eighteenth century. As late as 1771 they were openly advertised for sale in England.

p. 29. **In Ovid.** *Metam.* xi. 586.

Chaucer. *Book of the Duchess*, l. 153.

Poem called his Dream. *Chaucer's Dream* was assigned to Chaucer in Thomas Speght's edition of 1598. "The Court of Love can hardly be earlier than 1500, and *Chaucer's Dream* (so called) is of still later date" (Skeat).

p. 30. Eclompasteire. A word of uncertain origin. Ten Brink ascribes it to Chancer's invention. Professor Skeat derives it from *Ikelon plasteru*—the semblance moulder.

Philoctetes. Ll. 827 *et seq.*

Valentinian. Act V. Sc. 2.

p. 32. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Her fame rests mainly on three things—her quarrel with Pope, her brilliant letters from the East, and her share in introducing inoculation for small-pox. In an essay on Lady Mary Montagu in his *Men, Women and Books*, Leigh Hunt describes her prose as "admirable, better than acute, idiomatical, off-hand, conversational without inelegance, fresh as the laugh on the young cheek, and full of brain."

Churchill. Charles Churchill (1731—64), author of *The Rosciad* and other satirical poems.

Sir John Sinclair. Best known as the author of the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, 1791—9.

Elizabeth Canning. The famous impostor who was transported for perjury in 1754. Her case, which in the first instance came before Henry Fielding in his capacity of magistrate at Bow Street, excited great public attention and led to a bitter pamphlet war.

George Bellamy. A famous eighteenth-century actress who played *Fuliet* to Garrick's *Romeo*. Her autobiographical *Apology* appeared in 1785.

Bath-Easton. The reference is to the ludicrous Salon instituted at Bath about 1778 by Lady Miller. Each guest was expected to deposit a poetical effusion in the famous Bath-Easton Vase. From this deposit Lady Miller edited four volumes of *Poetical Amusements in a Villa near Bath*.

Blair's Works. The poems of Robert Blair, author of *The Grave*, 1743. Or the reference may be to the once famous *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres* (1783) by Professor Hugh Blair.

Junius. The *Letters of Junius* appeared in the *Morning Advertiser* from 1768—73. The authorship may be considered as still *sub judice*. The most widely accepted theory assigns them to Sir Philip Francis. The latest claim is on behalf of the authorship of Gibbon.

Marquis of Granby. John Manners, commander-in-chief of the British Army, 1766. He was bitterly attacked in the *Letters of Junius*.

De Grasse. The French admiral defeated by Rodney off Dominica, in 1782, for which action Rodney was raised to the peerage.

Penny. Edward Penny (1714—91), first professor of Painting in the Royal Academy.

Hanway. Jonas Hanway (1712—86), traveller in Persia and Russia. He is remembered for his benefactions to the Foundling Hospital, for his attack on tea-drinking derided by Johnson, and for his introduction of umbrellas.

p. 33. Oswald and Lampe. Two favourite eighteenth-century composers. The latter published some volumes on the theory of music.

My lord North. Frederick North, second Earl of Guilford (1732—92), Prime Minister, 1770—82.

My lord Rockingham. Charles Watson-Wentworth, second Marquis of Rockingham, succeeded North, in 1782, as Prime Minister.

p. 34. Woodward and Clive. Henry Woodward, a famous comedian (1714—77). His greatest parts were Mercutio and Captain Bobadil. Kitty Clive (1711—85), a distinguished comic actress and vocalist. She acted with Cibber and Garrick and sang in Handel's *Samson*.

Vauxhall and Ranelagh. The two great London pleasure resorts of the 18th century. Vauxhall Gardens were opened after the Restoration, and remained till 1859, when the site (in Lambeth, opposite Millbank) was sold for building. Ranelagh Gardens enjoyed a history of sixty years from 1742 to 1802. The site is now part of the grounds of Chelsea Hospital.

p. 36. Francesca's Garden. From *The Story of Rimini*.

p. 38. Alcina. The Circe of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* who changed her lovers in her enchanted garden into trees and stones and wild beasts.

Morgana. Fata Morgana, sister of King Arthur, in the stories of the Arthurian Cycle.

p. 40. Mr Stothard. Thomas Stothard, the famous painter and illustrator, 1755—1834.

p. 42. At our school. Leigh Hunt was educated at Christ's Hospital.

Moulded on a porringer. *Taming of the Shrew*, IV. 3. 64.

p. 43. Canova. Antonio Canova, a famous Italian sculptor, 1757—1822.

p. 45. Had not yet lost.

Paradise Lost, Bk. I. 591 (*applied*).

p. 46. De Courcys. John de Courci (*d.* 1219), the conqueror of Ulster. The story runs that De Courci acted as King John's champion against the representatives of the King of France and obtained this "capital" concession for his victory.

p. 52. Now the bright Morning-Star.

Milton's *Song on May Morning*.

Bourne. Henry Bourne, author of *Antiquitates Vulgares*, 1725.

p. 53. Care day-light. Read "Eare day-light."

Tabrere. A taborer.

Attone. With him.

Bend. Band.

As I have seen. From *Britannia's Pastorals*, Song iv, by William Browne, 1613.

p. 54. The Mask. In an earlier and in a later sense the mask is equivalent to a pageant. The masque proper, in so far as it is a true literary form, is practically coincident with the life of Ben Jonson. The difference between the looser and the more exact sense of the term turns on technical rules concerning the method of representation. The narrower definition excludes *Comus*.

p. 55. Palamon and Arcite. *The Knight's Tale*.

Boiardo's poem. *Orlando Innamorata* by Matteo Boiardo, 1486, of which Ariosto's masterpiece is a continuation.

Too lax and long. Boccaccio's *Teseide* is nearly ten times the length of *The Knight's Tale*.

Thus passeth. *The Knight's Tale*, l. 175.

p. 57. The busy lark. *The Knight's Tale*, l. 633.

p. 59. O thou delicious spring. From the *Arcadia* of Jacopo Sannazaro (1458—1530).

p. 60. A session. A trial.

p. 61. Buckingham. The reference is to *The Rehearsal*, 1671. Leigh Hunt omits Sir John Suckling's *Session of the Poets*, 1637.

Half up and half down. Referring to the rhythm of the couplet. Keats calls it a "rocking-horse."

Kemble. John Philip Kemble, the great tragedian (1757—1823).

p. 62. Dibdin to Terry. Thomas John Dibdin (1771—1841), the son of Charles Dibdin, the writer of sea-songs. The younger Dibdin wrote some two hundred operas and plays. Daniel Terry (1780—1829), actor and playwright, was a friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott.

p. 63. Colman. George Colman, the younger (1762—1836), author of *The Heir at Law*.

So that what with their taste, etc. An echo of Goldsmith's line in *Retaliation*, "When they talked of their Raphaels, Corregios and stuff," which Goldsmith had adapted from Swift's *Grand Question Debated*.

Gifford. William Gifford, editor of *The Quarterly*, 1809—24, author of *The Baviad* and *The Maeviad*.

Anti-La Cruscan. The satires mentioned in the previous note were partly directed against the Della Cruscans. The academy *Della Crusca* (i.e. of the Sieve) was a society founded at Florence at the end of the 16th century for purifying and refining the Italian language and style. Robert Merry, a Cambridge dilettante, settled in Florence in 1784 and became a member of this ancient academy. On his return to England, Merry used the pseudonym, *Della Crusca*, to sign his futile verses, and soon the name became generic for all contemporary poetical inanity. The significance of the term is precisely similar to the earlier "namby-pamby." There was no need to find a new name for this familiar malady. The "School" might just as fitly have taken its title from Bath-Easton. (Cf. note for p. 32.) Johnson's friends, Mrs Piozzi and James Boswell, were among the distinguished adherents of this queer coterie, which did not survive the rough handling of Gifford.

That plague of the butterflies. In his preface to *The Maeviad* Gifford defended himself against the charge of breaking butterflies on the wheel.

p. 64. By Poland's pale blessing endear'd. An allusion to Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*:

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell."

Montgomery. James Montgomery, author of *The West Indies*, 1809, a poem directed against the slave trade.

Rogers. Samuel Rogers (1763—1855), the veteran poet who achieved popularity and fame in 1792 with his *Pleasures of Memory*, and lived to decline the laureateship in 1850.

Crabbe. George Crabbe (1754—1832), a veteran like Rogers and an interesting figure in the poetical Romantic movement. His realism is very wittily alluded to by Leigh Hunt's description of him "asking questions concerning Greek hovels."

Southey with looks. Cf. Southey's best known lyric, "My days among the dead are passed."

Heart and impart men. A gibe at the "fatal facility" of the couplet. But Pope, himself the high-priest of the couplet, gave the classical warning as to its abuse:—

"Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'
In the next line, it 'whispers through the trees':
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
The reader's threatened (not in vain) 'with sleep.'"

p. 65. Nay, some took their snuff out. Another echo of Goldsmith's portrait of Reynolds in his *Retaliation*:—

"He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff."

In wonder's great school. Cf. Mr Theodore Watts-Dunton's definition of the Romantic Movement as "the Renaissance of Wonder."

Who had graciousness found. That is, the Wordsworthians who had "found grace."

p. 66. Even Ireland. William Henry Ireland (1777—1835), the Shakespeare forger, who reached the height of his infamous fame when his *Vortigern* was produced by Sheridan and Kemble at Drury Lane in 1796. Leigh Hunt's rhyme requires "face." He means it as a synonym for "brass."

p. 67. Frere. John Hookham Frere (1769—1846), the brilliant translator of four of Aristophanes' plays into verse.

Rose. William Stewart Rose (1775—1843), a friend of Scott. He translated *Ariosto* into verse.

p. 71. In a former number. The essay with which this selection opens.

p. 72. Arne. Thomas Arne (1710—78), wrote music for *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, and *The Tempest*.

Present deity. From Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, l. 31.

p. 78. The Jambee. A knotty bamboo of a pale brown hue. (*Selections from Steele*, ed. Dobson.)

Mr Lilly. Charles Lillie, perfumer, at whose shop in the Strand the *Tatler* was sold. The reference is to the *Tatler*, No. 142.

Sir Plume. *The Rape of the Lock*, IV. 119. The "clouded cane" was an artificially coloured malacca.

Macklin. Charles Macklin, actor and playwright (1697—1797).

79. Foote. Samuel Foote, actor and dramatist, famous as a mimic (1720—77).

p. 81. Acres. Bob Acres in Sheridan's *The Rivals*.

p. 86. The Turkish Spy. A translation of Marana's *Turkish Spy*, 1684.

Mrs Rowe's Exercises. Mrs Elizabeth Rowe (1674—1737), a devotional writer whose poems over the pseudonym of Philomela were praised by Johnson.

Mrs Glasse. The predecessor of Mrs Beeton. "Mrs Glasse" was the real name of the accomplished author who wrote other works on the domestic sciences. The authorship was long assigned to "Sir" John Hill, the quack-doctor and author, whose "farces" and "physic" were immortalised in an epigram by Garrick.

John Bunble. An eccentric autobiographical medley by Thomas Amory, 1756.

p. 87. Marquis of Granby. See note for p. 32.

Mr Wilkes. John Wilkes (1727—97), editor of the turbulent *North Briton*, libeller, legislator, and finally Lord Mayor. His "plainness" is enshrined in Hogarth's caricature.

p. 89. **C. L.** Charles Lamb. See also p. 92.

p. 90. **Epictetus.** The Stoic philosopher of the second half of the first century A.D.

p. 91. **They manage these things better in France.** The phrase, which should read "they order this matter etc.", occurs at the beginning of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.

Marquis of Marialva. The nobleman in *Gil Blas* who affected literary tastes.

p. 92. **A discipline of humanity.** From Bacon's essay *Of Marriage*.

Jeremy Collier. Author of *A Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage* (1698), the celebrated attack on Dryden and the other writers of the post-Restoration drama.

Sewell. William Sewell (1654—1720), author of a *History of the Quakers*.

Guzman d'Alfarache. The hero of a famous Spanish picaresque novel by Mateo Aleman, 1599.

Duchess of Newcastle. Margaret Cavendish (1624—74), author of poems, plays, essays etc. Lamb's favourite was her *Life of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle*, 1667.

p. 93. **Sir Fretful Plagiary.** In Sheridan's *The Critic*.

p. 94. **Enfield's Speaker.** A famous school-book by William Enfield, 1774.

p. 95. **Kirk.** Thomas Kirk (1765—97), painter and engraver.

Stothard. Thomas Stothard (1755—1834), the famous illustrator of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Defoe, Fielding, etc.

Wilkie. Sir David Wilkie (1785—1841), painter-in-ordinary to William the Fourth and Queen Victoria.

Tales of the Genii. A collection of tales in 1764 by Rev. James Ridley. They were issued as translations but were in reality clever imitations of Eastern stories.

Akenside. Mark Akenside, author of *The Pleasures of the Imagination*, a long didactic poem in three books, 1744.

p. 96. **Julian.** The Emperor Julian's writings consist of epistles, orations and satires. Of the last the most famous is his *Misopogon*, a satire against the degenerates of Antioch.

Cicero. *Pro Archia* VII.

Camilla. Madame D'Arblay's third novel, 1796.

The scholar. Chaucer's *Prologue*, l. 293.

p. 97. **Rochester.** John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester (1647—80), the most notorious of Restoration wits.

p. 98. **Butler.** The author of *Hudibras*, 1663—68.

p. 99. **Thorny queaches.** From Chapman's *Hymn to Pan*.

Vacant interlunar caves. *Samson Agonistes*, l. 86.

Wierus. Johann Wier, author of the celebrated attack on the superstition of witchcraft, *De præstigiis daemonum et incantationibus ac veneficiis*, 1563.

Coke upon Littleton. Sir Edward Coke's *Commentary* (1628) on Sir Thomas Littleton's *Treatise on Tenures*, c. 1584. Littleton died in 1481.

p. 100. **Chaucer's account.** *The Legend of Good Women*, l. 29. *House of Fame*, ll. 631—658.

p. 101. **Prior.** Matthew Prior (1664—1721), one of the most brilliant writers of light verse and the author of some admirable prose only recently discovered.

Fenton. Elijah Fenton (1683—1730), contributed four books to Pope's translation of the *Odyssey*.

Dacier and his wife. André Dacier (1651—1722), a famous classical scholar and translator, and Secretary of the French Academy. His wife, Anna Lefèvre, was also a distinguished classic and a voluminous editor and translator. Her translations included the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

p. 102. **Button's.** The coffee-house in Covent Garden kept by Addison's old servant, Daniel Button.

Eternal new novels. From a letter to West, 1742.

Crébillon and Marivaux. Claude de Crébillon (1707—77), author of *Le Sopha* and other stories marked by wit and freedom. Pierre Marivaux (1688—1763), author of *La vie de Marianne* and *Le paysan parvenu*.

p. 103. **Warton.** Thomas Warton, the younger (1728—90), the author of the *History of English Poetry*. His edition of Milton's early poems appeared in 1785.

Hinc atque hinc. Virgil, *Aeneid* l. 500.

What Shakespeare says. *Lear* III. 6. 8.

Selden. John Selden (1584—1654), jurist, orientalist, and antiquary. His most interesting work in general literature is his *Table Talk*, preserved by his secretary, Richard Milward.

p. 104. **The assembled souls.** Davenant's *Gondibert*, II. v. 37.

p. 109. **Sir Thomas Urquhart.** The brilliant and eccentric translator of Rabelais, 1653.

Mr Jacob Bryant. Author of various works on numismatics, mythology, and Greek literature (1715—1804).

p. 113. Leaping, like wanton kids. *The Faerie Queene* vi. 3.
What it means. "The time of increasing brightness." Cf.
Skeat, *vasanta*, spring; *ush*, to burn, glow.

Sir Hugh Evans. In *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

p. 115. As Pope ventures to say. *Essay on Man*, i. 87.

Vale of tears. From James Montgomery's *Issues of Life and Death*, 1813.

p. 116. Almack's and Change Alley. Typical seats of pleasure and commerce. Almack instituted his famous Assembly Rooms in King Street in 1764.

Falsely luxurious. Thomson's *Summer*, 67.

Judge Holt. Sir John Holt (1642—1710), Lord Chief Justice.

p. 119. Poor Richard's Almanack. Benjamin Franklin issued a series of almanacks under this title from 1732 to 1757. *Richard Saunders* was the name of the professed compiler.

Early to bed, etc. One of *Poor Richard's* maxims.

p. 121. King's Quair. Written by King James during his captivity in England (1406—24), and discovered and printed in 1783.

p. 122. Tifoon. Typhoon is a Chinese word meaning a great wind.

Mr Keightley. Thomas Keightley, author of *Mythology of Greece and Italy*, 1831.

Shenstone. William Shenstone, the author of *The Schoolmistress*, 1742.

p. 123. Bow-street runners. An old term for detectives.

p. 125. Bentham. Jeremy Bentham, the famous jurist and ethical writer.

p. 126. My Lord of Ely. *Richard III*, III. 4. 33.

p. 127. Brennoralt. A tragedy of Sir John Suckling, chiefly remarkable according to Hazlitt for its name. Like the rest of Suckling's plays it is better in parts than as a whole, and contains some fine lines praised by Steele in *The Tatler*, No. 40.

Boerhaave. Hermann Boerhaave (1668—1738), the greatest physician of the 18th century, author of *Institutiones Medicae*.

Mr Phillips. Henry Phillips, author of *History of Cultured Vegetables*, etc., 1831.

Hoffman. Friedrich Hoffmann (1660—1742), professor of medicine at Halle and physician to Frederick I.

Linnaeus. Carl Linnaeus (1707—78), the founder of modern botany.

A better name. The meaning of *strawberry* is variously explained. It is from the A.S. *stredberige*, i.e. the plant that spreads itself along the ground, or the plant with runners resembling straws.

p. 128. Molière. *Le Malade Imaginaire*, 1673.

p. 130. Glassford. James Glassford (d. 1845), a Scottish lawyer, author of translations from the Italian poets.

Exposed to daily fraud, etc. An inaccurate quotation made up from *Paradise Regained*, ll. 75 and 194.

p. 132. His creed, whatever it was. Cf. Johnson's dictum, "We know rather what he was not than what he was. He was not of the Church of Rome; he was not of the Church of England."

p. 134. Editor of "Blackwood." Professor Wilson ("Christopher North"), a famous contributor to, but never editor of *Maga*.

p. 135. Jeffrey. Francis Jeffrey (1773—1850), editor of *The Edinburgh Review* (1803—29). As a critic he belonged to the eighteenth-century or classical school.

Kameses and Woodhouselees. Henry Home, Lord Kames (1696—1782), author of *Elements of Criticism*, 1762. Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee (1747—1813), author of *Essay on the Principles of Translation*, etc. Both these writers became Scottish lords of justiciary.

p. 136. Coming *Twelfth-cakes*. An adaptation of "Coming events cast their shadows before." (Campbell's *Lochiel's Warning*.)

p. 138. Brand's *Antiquities*. *Popular Antiquities* by John Brand (1776), Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries. The work was edited in 1813 by Sir Henry Ellis, principal librarian of the British Museum.

p. 140. The last play. The year 1600 is now generally accepted as a central date.

p. 142. Corelli. Arcangelo Corelli (1653—1713), a famous composer for the violin.

p. 144. Mr Disraeli. Isaac D'Israeli (1766—1848), author of *Curiosities of Literature*, 1791.

p. 145. Lionel Cranfield. From being an apprentice Cranfield (1575—1645) rose to many high offices of state and was created Earl of Middlesex in 1622.

p. 146. Chaucer...connected with royalty. Chaucer's wife, Philippa, is said to have been Philippa Roet, sister of John of Gaunt's second wife.

Spenser...in a castle. Kilcolman Castle, near Cork, which was burned down during Tyrone's rebellion the year before Spenser's death.

p. 147. A little lowly heritage. *Faerie Queene*, I. I. 34.

A thousand demi-gods. *Paradise Lost*, I. 796.

Beranger. Pierre Béranger (1780—1857), “the typical champion of the opposition to the Bourbons,” hence called Milton’s “fellow-patriot.”

Marvell. Milton’s friend and colleague, and a distinguished lyrical and satirical poet.

p. 148. Miss Dolman. Shenstone died unmarried. He inherited the estate of Leasowes in Shropshire, and incurred some celebrity and sarcasm by his devotion to picturesque gardening. “He began,” says Johnson, “from this time to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters.” Miss Dolman, the Delia of his verses, was the daughter of his guardian.

Mr Rogers. Samuel Rogers (1763—1855), the wealthy banker-poet, author of *Pleasures of Memory*, etc.

